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THURSDAY
April 16, 1903

THE MIRROR

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A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

The Mirror



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St. Louis, Mo.

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE DEDICATION MIRROR

ON April 30 will appear the Dedication number of the MIRROR. It will be commemorative of the notable, historic occasion, and something worth buying and preserving.



THE April number of the *Valley Magazine* will make its appearance in the next few days. Unavoidable difficulties delayed its publication. The list of its contributors is exceptionally strong. For sale at all news stands. Price 10 cents per copy. Yearly subscription one dollar.

TWO DAYS IN CHICAGO

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

Advertising St. Louis

ONE "blows in" on Chicago, for a brief rest in a quiet place, and after registering at the hotel, ambles into the barber shop, where he meets half a dozen Chicago friends. "Hello! What's your alias up here?" is the greeting. You don't exactly understand and you look it.

Then comes the explanation of the joke. "Of course, you're up here to escape a Grand Jury summons, or, possibly, an indictment. You're 'on the run' from that man Folk." And every time you are introduced to someone as "from St. Louis," you are treated to a variation of this jest. The Chicago *Tribune* has a full column, first page, setting forth the triumph of "shamelessness" in St. Louis at the last election. The Chicago *Post* has an editorial on "the disgrace of St. Louis." Other papers have paragraphs on the same theme, and, all in all, you gather the impression that St. Louis is being extensively advertised as "the wickedest city in America." I have often complained that when the St. Louisan is away from home, he is disgusted by the absence of St. Louis news in the papers of the other big cities. This complaint will be heard no more. St. Louis is getting too much of an advertisement of the sort it doesn't need. Still, even this is better than that the city should never be heard of. It would seem to be about time, however, for someone in St. Louis to set about counteracting the sort of misrepresentation referred to. It is unfortunate that the city should be celebrated for criminality and viciousness, when the real thing that deserves publication broadcast is the fact that St. Louis is purging itself of criminality and viciousness under the ablest and surest administration, both City and State, that the community has ever known. This continuous exploitation of this city's evils is not doing the city any good. It is not good for the World's Fair prospects. It is not good for business. It is as bad an advertisement as the city got out of the shootings, smashings and woman-stripping incidents of the great street-car strike of 1900.



Chicago Dirt

WE St. Louisans think we have a dirty city. We are "not in it" in comparison with Chicago. Once you get off the two or three or more show boulevards of Chicago, you realize that St. Louis is the better paved, better cleaned city of the two. We have more good streets and cleaner streets in all sections of the city than Chicago has, and our business section "lays over" the like quarter in that town in a way to make the St. Louisan proud. St. Louis street-cars are cleaner and brighter than those in Chicago. At least, we don't see any flea-bitten horses and moth-eaten mules pulling cars past our big stores, and we don't find the black mud on Olive street as thick or sticky as it is in State street or Wabash avenue. There is frequent complaint of the difficulty of keeping oneself presentable as to clean linen in St. Louis, but it's impossible to stay clean in Chicago. The lake wind just powders you with dust. A walk of a block leaves you as dusty as if you'd tramped a dozen miles on country road. And when the rain comes in Chicago, the pedestrian is forced to walk in gluey mud that wears him out in half an hour.

Carter Harrison's Boom

CARTER HARRISON has been re-elected Mayor for the third time, or, maybe, it's the fourth, by a decreased majority. The majority has fallen off each time to such an extent that there are those who think that the only thing now to be done with Mr. Harrison is to nominate him for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket. A movement, as you see, to consign him to oblivion. But there's more to the Harrison boom than that. Chiefly, Chicago feels that it must have a Presidential candidate, because St. Louis is supposed to have one in David R. Francis. The Chicagoans chortle at you, saying that it is possible the Democratic ticket will be "Harrison and Francis." What has pulled down Harrison's majority so steadily? Well, many things. In the first place, the Chicago Democracy is split into three or four factions, and all the factions unite against the Harrison faction and "put the knife into" Carter at every opportunity. In reality, Harrison has made a good Mayor, but he has been hampered by the interference and obstruction of John Patrick Hopkins, by the conflict of authority between his city administration and State Boards foisted on the city by the Republican Legislature. But the thing which chiefly hurt Harrison in his last campaign was the issue of "dirty streets." The streets were dirty. Harrison hadn't cleaned them. Graeme Stewart would have defeated Harrison but for the fact that Harrison showed that he could clean up the city and carry out other public improvements if only the State Legislature, bossed by Congressman Lorimer, would pass laws permitting Chicago to finance itself in accordance with its needs. Chicago has gone "down at the heels" in many respects, owing to the fact that it has been trying, like St. Louis, to operate under a charter framed for it when it was a village. The city grows dirtier year by year, and every plea for help from Springfield is unheeded. So bad are things in Chicago, that when Marshall Field wanted good streets around his great store, he paid for the asphalt paving thereof himself, and the four streets built for him are, outside of the boulevards, the only good streets in Chicago, down town. The defeat of Graeme Stewart, because of Republican hostility to Chicago in the Legislature, has opened the eyes of the Republican "bosses" and they are now said to be willing to grant the big city an opportunity to change the charter in such a way as to meet the requirements of its marvelous growth. This growth is best indicated in the fact that the first tall steel-construction building in Chicago, or in the country, erected not a score of years ago, is now antiquated and is being pulled down to be supplanted by a more up-to-date structure.



Chicago's City Hall

WE make fun of the St. Louis City Hall. It's as far above the Chicago structure as the Taj Mahal is above the Laplander's hut. I had occasion to go into the Chicago City Hall. It's an adventure like unto exploring the catacombs. The halls are dark as tombs, in spite of, or, rather, because of, sparsely scattered, bleary-yellow electric lights. The stairways are unswept. The windows are unwashed. The elevators are not running. The place smells musty and mouldy. It must be full of malaria and grip and typhoid and all sorts of disease. Ten minutes in it will give any visitor a headache. And you pity the people who have to work in such an environment, but

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you pity them more when you learn that not only are the elevators shut down because there is no money to operate them, but the city employés are often compelled to go two or three months without their salaries, during which time they are the prey of the cent-per-cent money-sharks. The Chicago City Hall is, without doubt, the dismallest building in the world. As I looked at it last Friday in a rain storm, I couldn't help thinking that it reminded me, in a way, of a sordid travesty on Boecklin's painting, "The Island of the Dead." The old structure is not without its graces, though artists and architects have jeered at it, but it is as muggy looking and as leprous in spots as our own Four Courts structure, and that's saying a good deal. The City Hall is a symbol of the entire Chicago situation. It is a sign of general lapse from Chicago "niftyness" in the past. It seems to say that Chicago is tiring out and wearing out. And, somehow, looking around at other structures, once much vaunted as admirable features of Chicago, you find that many of them show signs of premature old age. When you enter some of the buildings that were famous for their "modernity," a dozen years ago, it's just like going into some of the old buildings of St. Louis, east of Third street, that were deemed "colossal" and "gorgeous" thirty years ago. No wonder they collapse occasionally, in the middle of the night, "from no known cause," as the Chicago papers say.



Impressions of Crowds

As with the buildings, so with the people. They don't seem to have that "move" on them that they used to have and boast of. They are not the hustlers they were. There are plenty of them, but they're not the bright, alert folks one used to see on Chicago streets in days agone. They look bedraggled and slouchy. They are uninteresting, even in great bunches, on the street-cars, in the suburban trains, or gathered in groups till some bridge swings-to. One imagines that the whole population has been inoculated with a sort of solid, stolid, Swedish or Norwegian dullness. The women of Chicago impress one the same way. They seem worn with carrying their feet around. They trail their skirts in the mud. They wear ready-made clothes in great abundance. They dress as if their clothes were thrown on them with a pitchfork. They seem mannish and big-boned and with pathetically coarse texture of skin. I'm speaking now of the snap-shot impression a mere man gets from a ramble in the crowds at the big stores. You don't hear much laughter in the "emporium crowds" in Chicago. And among these women, as among the men, you feel as if there were more of the pathos that Poet Markham put in his "Man with a Hoe" than is to be found in the land-bound peasant-grubber anywhere on earth. You don't see pretty faces among the shop-girls when the big stores "let out" in the evening, as you do in New York or St. Louis. There's no blitheness in the throng. It is hard and dismal. And you can't help pitying the throngs for their lack of cheerfulness. To me, they seem at their gloomy, orphan-like worst when they are seen in the big 'busses or vans that carry them to and from the big dry-goods stores. The crowds emerge from the theaters, in the evening, in the same sad fashion. There is none of the lightness or brightness that you find in the theater crowds elsewhere. The restaurants, too, are full of people, but they don't seem to be enjoying themselves. They don't look "smart" or "classy," or thoroughbred. One might almost say they were of the order of "scrubs" but for their note of pathetic unhappiness, even in their good clothes. There are "swells" in Chicago, but they are "getting ready to go and live in New York." Everybody in Chicago who is making money is "going to live in New York."

You drop in at cafés or saloons, and you find that the men drink by themselves, mostly, or you'll find six men at table at luncheon, not knowing or talking to one another. You get in an elevator in which there are women, and if you take off your hat, you are the object of a smile that is half a sneer. You realize, in knocking about with a friend or two, how few persons a Chicagoan, pretty well-known, knows in his own town. The town looks socially as forbidding and hostile as a community of semi-savages, and the gulf that separates the sets called "society" is more wide and black than that between Fifth avenue and Mulberry street in New York, or Portland Place and North Seventh street in St. Louis. There is a society in Chicago, and you can best learn about it in the writings of "Willie Dearborn" in the *Inter-Ocean*, but that clever paragrapher can't make his comment anything but semi-sarcastic, try though he will to look upon the subject genially. Just who is "in society" in Chicago seems to be a matter of doubt with everyone, except, perhaps, as to two or three families. Mrs. Potter Palmer is the social "it," recognized by all. The Chatfield-Taylors are sure of a place also. But the others are all in a state of social nebulousness. And Mrs. Potter Palmer is going to live in Paris, so all Chicago is wondering who is to take her place as the Mrs. Astor of that community. It is generally felt that it will be difficult to find for her a successor with her graces, her tact and her brains. There are thousands of people with plenty of money, in Chicago, but they are all *gauche*, socially, and rather crude and raw, according to the Chicagoans who profess to know society conditions. There are any number of millionaires with wives and daughters who ought to make their dash for social honors, but the talk goes that the families are all so new as not yet to have lost the vulgarity of those unaccustomed to wealth, while the ravages of drink and drugs, and the looseness of moral restraint are said to make many of those persons one might suppose to be eligibles, in a social way, simply impossible. I have always thought that the manner in which *Town Topics* treats Chicago "society" was due to natural Gothamite jealousy, but I find that the Chicagoans talk of their own "society" in the same strain and even worse. The Chicagoan "knocks" Chicago's social leaders as industriously as the St. Louisian "knocks" St. Louis.



Knocking the Fair

THAT sentence reminds me of the remarks of a Chicagoan of prominence who had just come home from St. Louis. "What's the matter with St. Louis?" he inquired. "I've been there two weeks and damned if I've ever heard such an anvil chorus. Every third man you meet has a 'knock' for the Fair. They don't criticise the management for this, that or the other thing. That would be all right. One can do that and still boost the Fair. But I'm talking of the fellows who shrug their shoulders when you mention the Fair, the fellows who say it's a mistake that the city will pay for later, the fellows who are proud to say that they haven't 'coughed up a dollar for the fake.'" I couldn't answer. This Chicagoan stated a truth with regard to St. Louis, and a Chicago reporter told me that if Chicago really wanted to injure the World's Fair at St. Louis, its papers could be half filled each day with interviews from visiting St. Louisans crying down the Fair. That is undoubtedly true, too, as I can avouch from my own experience as a critic of the Fair management. There is a large element in St. Louis hostile to the Fair, an element that belittles it at every opportunity, an element that is especially eloquent when it is away from home, an element that has always disparaged St. Louis before the outsider. This element is not a poor or an ignorant element. It is composed of men of good position in St. Louis, men of intelligence. Just how to reach such an element in order to unfang it, is a difficult problem, and perhaps it were just as well to let them alone until their "knocks" come back upon themselves. Chicago, I am glad to say, has done splendidly by the World's Fair in the matter of publicity. The papers have been generous in devotion of space to pictures and descriptive articles and their editorial commendation has been enthusiastic beyond the wildest dreams of St. Louisans a few years ago.



World's Fair Effects

Has the city of Chicago suffered as a result of its World's Fair in 1893? No. The city of Chicago suffered from its own over-sanguineness prior to the Fair. It over-built itself. It banked too heavily upon what the Fair would do for it. But it would not have done these things had it been able to see what was coming about Fair time. Chicago's World's Fair would have been the benefit to Chicago that all Chicago anticipated it would be, had it not been for the financial conditions that came about in 1893. Chicago was full of people whom the panic stranded. Chicago would have been hard hit in 1893, even if it had had no World's Fair. It is a city that takes long chances and it is liable to suffer severely in any stringency. In fact, so good an authority as Mr. Lyman J. Gage has said that, so far from the World's Fair injuring Chicago, the fact was that if it had not been for the ready money that the Exposition brought into Chicago during the panic period, conditions in that community would have been deplorable and even desperate. But for the panic, hotel projects would not have been such failures. But for the panic, the boom in land values would not have been overdone. The panic came independent of the World's Fair, and it was the panic that hurt Chicago and not the Exposition. The Exposition mitigated the severity of the stringency. In any event, Chicago has recovered from the panic, and every Chicagoan feels that, so far as the city's reputation is concerned, and so far as general conditions of life are concerned, it was better to have had the World's Fair with the panic than not to have either. For the World's Fair is a world's memory of beauty that lingers around the name Chicago. The World's Fair gave the beauty-cult in that city an impetus that is not yet diminishing. If the city received no more from the Fair than the impressions of the White City, the Court of Honor and other glories, the Field Museum, the direction of a great drift of art students into the city, the great lingering sense of pride in what the White City was, it was well repaid for whatever losses it sustained on the Fair enterprise. No Chicagoan will arise to-day and say that it were better the World's Fair had never been—not even the Chicagoan who to-day may be suffering in pocket from the effects of his over speculation on the profits the Fair was to have brought to him. Chicago is glad it had the Fair. If it feels that it never wants another, it is simply because it feels that it is wise not to attempt to do more than it did in the presentation of that fairy spectacle to a world that still speaks of it with reverential delight. There is no danger that St. Louis will forget its conservatism and repeat the mistakes of over-sanguine Chicago. Unfortunately St. Louis seems apt to err in another direction. St. Louis will, however, receive its lesson on April 30th, when it finds that it cannot accommodate the crowds that will concenter upon the dedication exercises. St. Louis has not been oversanguine as to the profits of its Fair. It is not hopeful enough. It has not taken any chances, which is

worse than Chicago's having taken too many. It will be worse for St. Louis not to have accommodations for Fair visitors, than it was for Chicago to have built too many hotels and apartments which might, nevertheless, not have been too many had it not been for the fearful tightness of money that came upon the whole country in 1893. Chicago suffered then and after because the whole country suffered. St. Louis, unless it gets a move upon itself, may suffer because it is not prepared to receive a people flourishing in unexampled and unparalleled prosperity. Chicago suffered from too much faith. St. Louis may suffer worse from too little faith and too feeble a hope.



The Park That Was Ruined

ON moonlit Thursday night, I walked in Jackson Park, where stood the Chicago World's Fair. The caravels in the lagoon were poetic but sad reminders of glories departed. The park that was "destroyed" by the Fair is taking shape again. There is a scarcity of trees, but that will not last for long. The park is not destroyed. Indeed, the plans of the Chicago park commission are based upon the theory that the "damage" done by the Fair was a benefit in that it gave scope for work that will make the park more beautiful than it ever was. Chicago does not feel that the Fair destroyed the park. It is rather glad to point out where the Fair stood. The people lament the obliteration of the Fair more than they do the "destruction" of the park. They go, sometimes, in the area where the Fair stood and conjure up in their minds the memory of the White City, and that alone makes the present comparative bareness of the place beautiful. The ruins of the water-gate are invested with a little glamour, even in their ugliness, for what they once were. The little children playing in the park give their imaginations play about the three Spanish ships. They know how Columbus came and what a chance he took in those ungainly cockles. The German building is a pleasure to them as well, and the splendid dimensions of the Field Museum and even its apparent dilapidation, in some particulars, impress them with something that enlarges their minds. Jackson Park has some things not in it to the physical eye that are worth more than the things that are there visualized in actuality. It is a place wherein to recall to the eye of the imagination glories that even time will never wholly annul or dim. And as I walked there in the moonlight, with a poet and artist, or sat down by the lake shore on an old log and listened to the recurring swish and boom of the surf, the Columbian Exposition rose again in immaculate majesty upon my inner sight, and I found myself hoping that some such memory or vision might arise in after years to other men strolling or sitting in Forest Park in the comparative desolation where "the wilderness" was, and the World's Fair of 1904 shall have been.



The Lake Influence

WHAT a boon to Chicago is the lake! How it flashes an influence upon the whole town! You ride out to Lincoln Park or Jackson Park and you see the wild duck playing in the water, and you see ever changing pictures of the ships that come and go. The lake is cloudy green here, purple there, as Homer saw the sea, blue afar off, golden in other, nearer streaks and stretches, and everywhere the white caps sparkling and the horses of the foam charging in upon the shore. The boys are fishing here and there and the beauty of the scene is being borne in upon them, all unknown to themselves. You see them gathering shells among the debris, or trying to coax a dog to go out after a block of wood, and you feel, inlander that you are, that this scene must leave upon

the child's mind an impression that is more educational, in the sense of leading out the mind and soul and enlarging the heart, than anything that can be gained from books or from the mouths of men. At night you see the courting couples go along the walk, wet now and then by the spray, and you wonder how could courting be done in a more effective setting. Where could there be more excuse for cuddling from the cold—and how delicious to cuddle!—and at the same time watch the lights out over the waters and hearken to the waves saying things that are interpretable only in the silence of mutual understanding. If only there were someone to fit with you into the scene as do those others noted here and there! If only the one, right, only person were there to share the scene and its wide calm! If only St. Louis might, some day, and that soon, so utilize its river front, that it might be as much of a delicious influence in the old town's life as this great lake is upon great overgrown, crude, sordid Chicago! I can forgive Chicago all its banalities for the lake and for the gently thrilling sensations of regret and longing and hope it gave me while I walked or sat in the moonlight with an artist-poet who knew that supreme thing, which only women know best, and only the one woman knows best of all, when not to talk. Why not, oh wise and wealthy and civic-prideful gentlemen of St. Louis, have a great long park or pleasure of some sort on the river, the poesy of which St. Louisans do not know and which they only see, a few of them, in the paintings, all too much unknown, of Frederick Oakes Sylvester! What more plainly lies to St. Louis' hands, in the making of the City Beautiful, than the great river booming by all unregarded! All moonshine, this? Well, without "moonshine" in things this were indeed a drab old world, and, in my opinion, if there be any real "shamelessness" in St. Louis, it lies in the fact that the city is prone to designate as mere "moonshine" such suggestions as this. I know St. Louis is a prettier town than Chicago, that it has finer streets, that its residence quarters outnumber and outclass in grace and style those of its boastful rival, that it possesses more "classy" men and more beautiful women, but for all that, it has been blind to its dower of beauty in its river front, and it is time that it should open its eyes.



A Tip for Teddy

THERE are people who actually like to live in Chicago for some of the things cognate to the substance of the last paragraph. There are some things, however, that are not likable in Chicago. One of them is the fact that negroes are admitted with white children to the same public schools, and that's why you find in Chicago, as you find in New York, an undercurrent of antipathy to Theodore Roosevelt because of his negro policy. Every man of family voices this when you broach National politics to him. The Booker Washington incident, or the insistence upon the confirmation of Crum, or the closing of post offices because the patrons don't want black postmasters may not prevent Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, but these incidents will cost him many a vote in Chicago on election day, as it is said that his policy, as indicated, has made the negroes more insistent upon their rights to school with the white scholars.



Hearst and Kohlsaat

I WAS much amused in noting the Chicago *American's* taking up of the Harrison boom for the Presidency. Mr. W. R. Hearst, who owns the *American*, is, at least in his own mind, and in his New York, Chicago, and San Francisco papers, a Presidential possibility. It was and is very magnanimous in him to lend aid and encouragement to a rival candi-

date. It shows Mr. Hearst is a good newspaper man; that he knows how to run a paper in Chicago to titillate the Chicagoans. It demonstrates why Mr. Hearst and his paper have "caught on" in Chicago to such an extent that both he and his paper are "named by name" in the other Chicago papers, these days. He and the *American* could not have broken into the columns of any other of the Chicago papers for love or money or hatred, two years or one year ago. The other day, even the *Record-Herald* condescended to write up Mr. Hearst as running away from an order for his arrest issued by Judge Hancey for criticising some judicial opinions or conduct of that gentleman. Mr. Hearst, they say, does not dare enter Chicago, save in disguise and under an assumed name, but that's nothing when it is considered that he has forced the local press, that leagued together to suppress him by silence, to print his name. This achievement of Mr. Hearst caused me to note another peculiar thing in Chicago journalism—to-wit, the utter disappearance from prominence of H. H. Kohlsaat, of the *Record-Herald*. A year ago, he was a National personage. He was one of the claimants to the honor of forcing the gold standard into the Republican platform made in St. Louis. He was one of the men who paid Mr. McKinley's debts, contracted in the Foster failure. He was a matter for fun to the ungodly, as a baker turned journalist, when he was not considered as a man of "light and leading." I didn't hear his name mentioned once in Chicago, not even in the press club. What has become of Mr. Kohlsaat? Has he gone back to his bakery because he has found, in running a newspaper, that he "needs the dough?"



The Chicago Press Club

JUST now I mentioned the Chicago Press Club. While that institution may be somewhat justly subject to the insinuations and open assertions of scorn and revilement heaped upon it by Mr. John Stapleton Cowley-Brown in his mordant *Goose Quill*, there yet remains to be said that it is the only successful press club in this country. It is a resort for penmen, and they may actually be found there. It pays its way and puts aside a little profit each year. It is a place where writing men can meet men who write. Of course, there are times when one resents the numerosness of the trade-journalist in its membership, but, then, some trade journalists can write, and most of them are clubbable fellows. The success of the club demonstrates the truth that journalists can get together without flying at each others' throats and without destruction to the morale of the staff of the rival papers they represent. This press club is an institution that Chicago is proud of, and though Chicago isn't literary and is apt to rank Samuel Eberly Gross as the real author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," the giant and ugly town is proud to point to the gatherings of real authors in its press club, men who have done things worth while, like Ernest McGaffey, Opie Read, George Horton, Will Visscher, Stanley Waterloo and some others. These men have really done something that justifies the saying that literature is possible in the West. What if two or three of them take themselves a little too seriously and pose for the benefit of themselves and others in the parlors every afternoon! A little self-appreciation is not a bad thing in a man who has done something meriting the appreciation of others. The Chicago Press Club has been the means of creating some literary atmosphere in Chicago, and this in itself is something that tends to make Chicago, what it often pretends to be, a sort of secondary culture-center for this country. It is about time that St. Louis should have a press club, if for no other purpose than the entertainment of visiting writers during the World's

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Fair. There has been a start made in this direction, but the movement has not been accorded much encouragement by the older newspaper men of this city or by the newspaper proprietors. It is doubtful if St. Louis newspaper writers can pay club dues on the salary rate prevailing in this city, or that they will have time for club life under the conditions of intolerable, slavish, interminable "grind" imposed on reporters by local employers, but it seems likely that the World's Fair, among other benefits, will bring better pay to the St. Louis journalists, and that there will be larger staffs on the different sheets than have been the rule in the past.



Memento Mori

ONE of the oddest things about Chicago is the funeral procession in the down-town business districts. When a "cortege" files into one of the streets, all progress stops. Truckmen, coachmen, motorneers, pedestrians will not endeavor to break through the procession. There is a general superstition that to cross a funeral procession means a funeral in the near future, in which the crosser will be the chief functionary—the corpse. The police share the superstition and will not interfere with these funerals in any way.



The Chicago River

PERHAPS the most startling thing I noticed in Chicago was the current in the Chicago river. I had never seen it before. The river now flows into the Gulf, laden, as we St. Louisans claim, with multitudinous microbes and billions of bacilli, and as the river moves, the stench that once emanated from its stagnate waters has moved with it. The stream has been made quite respectable by the fall given its waters through the canal, against which St. Louis kicks so vigorously, but, for all that, Chicago is not satisfied with it. The stream is not deep enough. The boats "ground" on the tunnels that have been run under the stream. There is talk of filling the river up and building a great system of docks at the mouth of the Calumet river, where South Chicago belches smoke to the sky by day and flashes flame by night. The Calumet harbor is said to be the best on the lakes, and even now as much commerce goes there as enters by the Chicago river port. The men and concerns that have built factories and warehouses on the Chicago river don't want that stream filled up. They would have to move their business at great loss. They want the tunnels lowered, the river deepened, the center piers of the draw-bridges removed and folding bridges substituted for the present "draws." They will probably have their way, but, nevertheless, Calumet harbor is the coming harbor of Chicago, and the wise Chicago shipper is getting as near to it as he can, and as rapidly as he can. But it's too bad that a man cannot come back to St. Louis and write something about the odors from the Chicago river outnumbering and outstinking the celebrated scents at Cologne. The Chicago river is now almost nice enough for Ernest McGaffey, Chicago's and America's best poet, to write a little lyric about it.



Honore Palmer's Work

I HAVE great hope now that St. Louis will be benefited by the irruption into politics of young men of social position like Edgar Lackland, Walter Birge and Lee Hagermann, recently elected to the House of Delegates. The hope is strengthened by what I briefly learned of the success that Honore Palmer, son of Mrs. Potter Palmer, has done in Chicago, erstwhile given over to the sway of "Hinkey-Dink" McKenna, "Bath-house" John Coughlin and others of that noisome stripe on the Board of Aldermen. Young Mr. Palmer was laughed at when he said he would be an alderman.

But they don't laugh at him now. He has made an efficient public servant. He has looked after his ward and his constituents therein as faithfully as if there was a "bit of change" for him in every matter he took up. He has a constituency both high-toned and low-toned. His district is swell in one part, "tough" in another, but he is "the goods" with both elements. He has gone into the tough neighborhoods and established playgrounds and gymnasias on his own property for the neglected children of those districts. He has secured the release of their parents from prison. He has walked his legs off to get deserving men jobs in the public service. He has attended meetings that were held at times when he might have been at fashionable functions. He has established an office where, at certain hours each day, any of his constituents may consult him. He has worked as hard as if he needed the money that "the gray wolves" are always looking for in every measure. He has won an influence even with "the gray wolves." He has shown that the rich young man in politics cannot be made a monkey of by the cunning, practical politicians, and he is, without exception, the best liked man in Chicago, of whom more and more good is expected in the future. Young Palmer is not the intellectual equal of either of the three St. Louisans I have mentioned, and they should surely do even more than he has done, as they surely have his opportunity. They will not do it by holding themselves aloof from the men with whom they have been chosen to deliberate. They will find that their colleagues who have been most roundly abused in the papers are not nearly the villains and monsters they have been painted. They will find that if they can teach some things to some of "the boys," they can also learn some things from them. There is a chance for each of the young men named to do what Honore Palmer has done. The papers may have fun with them in their strange environment, but the papers made fun of young Palmer when his stately mother, on the night of his election, entertained at her boulevard castle, the ward captains and lieutenants who had worked at the polls. Young Palmer "made good." The St. Louis "dudes" should also "make good," but they can only do so by hard work, and working, so far as they can, with, rather than against, the men with whom they will have to serve.



Marshall Field's

AFTER the museums, the libraries, which are enormously patronized, the parks and the lake, the greatest attraction in Chicago is, probably, Marshall Fields' great store. It is a great store because Marshall Field is a great man. He has big ideas and no cheap ones. He gives away ten million dollars without turning an eyelash, and proceeds to make more which he will also give away. His store is not a cheap store. It doesn't deal in corned beef or harness or plows or nutmeg-graters. It is a big dry goods store, with related lines of enterprise attached. Its prices are higher than those prevailing in the same departments in other big stores. Its goods are as much better than those in other stores as the prices are higher. The clerks are brighter looking, the girls neater looking. The aisles are wide and the floors are well lighted. There is room for everyone, attention for everyone. You are almost forced to open a credit account there. The employes seem to prefer "charging" an article to taking the cash for it. The show-windows are works of art and the show-cases inside are the same. Talk about its being no trouble to show goods! The "help" seem almost to resent it if you buy too quickly. The management doesn't care if you just wander in and ramble about looking at things. In fact, the people are invited to visit the store and read books and write letters and use it as a club house, even if they don't

spend a cent. And the public takes advantage of the invitation often and often. On a rainy day, everybody passes the day in Marshall Field's, and you don't hear of shop-lifting or pocket-picking in the place. The people of Chicago love Marshall Field more than they love all the other millionaires of that town put together, for what he has done for Chicago. Does the Marshall Field policy pay? Well, I guess yes. His business is only a little less than \$70,000,000 per year. And A. T. Stewart's ambition was to do a business of \$20,000,000 a year! There's a gauge of the country's advancement in commerce. Stewart is dead and will soon be forgotten. His fortune is dissipated. There is doubt as to where his bones rest. His great house has been lost in another man's name. Marshall Field's house in Chicago was a little store when Stewart died. Marshall Field will be remembered for generations in Chicago, because Marshall Field had an ambition that was not limited by \$20,000,000, or any dollars at all, because his ambition is to make his success a benefaction to as many of his fellow-men as he can reach.



Swift vs. Armour

A FAIR indication of one of the possible causes of the disintegration of trusts and mergers, provided court decisions like that of Judge Thayer—a St. Louisan, by the way—in the Northern Securities case, do not smash those concerns, is to be found in the rumors of troubles due to family pride in the great packing combine. When Gustavus Swift died, it was proposed to make his son the president of the concern. The Armours promptly objected. They had as much interest in the merger as the Swifts had, and the Armour name, they argued, was even more potent with the public, because of advertising and favorable opinion generated by Armour philanthropies, than the name of Swift. They did not see why J. Ogden Armour was not the man to head the great concern. The two families were stubborn in their positions and there were some fears that the great combine would go to pieces on the issue presented by the conflicting family interests. The other stockholders became alarmed. They did not dare side with either the Swifts or the Armours, as they held each house in about equal awe. So they suggested a compromise, and, as a result, it is now understood Michael Cudahy, as a friend of both the powerful families, is to head the organization. Will the compromise last? The same question obtrudes itself with reference to the big railroad deals. Will the eliminated families "stand for" elimination? Will the small-fry classification satisfy men who have been in the bigger class? Will there not be many men shut out who will show ability to give battle to the great reorganizations? Is Carnegie out of the railroad field, even though Pierpont Morgan thought to buy him out of it? Is not Morgan afraid to drop Charles M. Schwab, for fear of Carnegie? Are not all the great syndicates, to a great extent, at the mercy of men they thought they had eliminated by purchase? How long will the new scions of the Standard Oil families stick together, as their fathers have done in the past? Are not all the trusts in danger from the restlessness of able men in them who will not be content to hide their individualities in a great machine? The trusts cannot crowd out and kill off individualism. It will assert itself and it will be met by other assertive individualism. Ideas will clash, and one idea will not stay down because voted down. There will be made plain to men in the trusts opportunities to circumvent and defeat the trusts, and those men will seize those opportunities. Rival individualities, rival family interests will not always be placable, and therefore the trusts cannot last. The kings of finance cannot keep the peace and they will, sooner or later, wreck their

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own organizations, if necessary, to "get at" one another.



Municipal Ownership

CHICAGO is supposed to have voted in favor of municipal ownership and all that sort of thing, as both the great parties, and, in fact, all the parties were in favor of that proposition as regards public utilities. Carter Harrison is posed by his friends as an offset to Tom Johnson, who won so handsomely upon that issue in Cleveland. No one presumed to be intelligent believes in the absolute sincerity of the Harrison claim. Louis F. Post, the editor of the ablest, if somewhat extreme, politico-economic paper in this country, the Chicago *Public*, a man sincere, logical and even profound in such matters, laughs at the idea. So do the politicians and the capitalists. And yet, while politicians' professions may not amount to much, it is something for the advancement of a cause to have politicians profess its principles, even though they intend to evade the obligation to put them in practice. "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue," and hypocritical professions by politicians in favor of municipal ownership only make the public feel that the cause must be good and right when politicians tie themselves to it. It is at least certain that the sentiment in favor of municipal regulation and control of public utilities, in Chicago, is so strong that the street railway syndicate in that town is so afraid of the possible results as to refrain altogether from doing anything to improve the service it is proffering the people. They don't know, or claim not to know, what day their properties may be confiscated. They seem to be letting the service run down in order to punish the people into a realization that possible municipal ownership is the cause of the annoyance and exasperation the public suffers. It is not likely that this plan will work. The worse the service becomes, the stronger will the public feeling grow against private ownership of public rights. Better service is the only argument to make against proposed municipal ownership, and it is strange that the syndicates everywhere do not see this. It is not improbable that Mr. Harrison, as Mayor of Chicago, for the last term he can get, will try to make a fulfillment of his pledge to public ownership a means towards gratifying his higher ambition. Men in their last terms are always dangerous to the influences that were powerful, theretofore, over them. That's why the public service corporations were not enthusiastically for Harrison, and that's why the Republican National machine, with its backing of protected industries, "views with alarm" the prospect of Theodore Roosevelt as President for another four years, with nothing to expect or hope further from the machine. Mayor Harrison is apt to disappoint even such a keen analyst of motives and men as Editor Post of the *Public*. Ambition may prompt a course to which conviction may not lead a politician. If Bryan be out of the question as a Presidential candidate, and it be necessary to prevent Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, from having a "cinch" on the support of the radical Democracy, as opposed to the reorganizing gold-bugs who want Cleveland again, or Francis, we may depend upon it that Carter Harrison will be ready to raise as much "hell" with the corporations in Chicago as Mayor Johnson has raised, or will raise, in Cleveland, or "Golden Rule" Jones has raised in Toledo. Carter Harrison will "go after" the Democratic nomination for President, and he will not hesitate to begin his campaign by corporation-baiting. The corporation interests are "up against it" right now. The report of the Coal Strike Commission is going to boost prices of labor and strengthen Unionism immeasurably. The Northern Securities decision blocks the way to a consolidation

of all the railroads and perhaps all the trusts into one great trust, so-called. The President is almost openly hostile to the trust idea, and all the smaller politicians are falling into line with movements that are directed against the arbitrariness of capitalism. The courts are coming into accord with popular feeling, as they always do in the long run, and Lord help the Morgans, Harrimans, Rockefellers and others who hold hundreds of millions of undigested securities! They can't stand the margining up. They can't go on borrowing forever. Public sentiment grows stronger against granting treasury aid to help gamblers get cheaper money. There is a tremendous crash latent in the situation, and there's not enough ready money in the world to stop the toppling of the structure reared by the consolidators, on water and hot air and fancy printed paper, once the toppling begins. If consolidators are stopped by the courts, they are done for. Their schemes involve continuance of recent methods and the ultimate "cornering" of everything valuable. No "corner" ever was successfully carried out. None will ever be successful. The scheme must fail, if only through popular seizure of the consolidated and cornered properties, but it will fail before that through the power of popular sentiment manifesting itself in the declarations of voters for public ownership, in adjudications like that of the Strike Commission, in decisions like that of the United States Circuit Court, rendered by Judge Thayer, last Thursday, and concurred in by all his associates. Don't ever believe that shrewd politicians, like Carter Harrison, don't see all this and won't take advantage of the tendency by "lining up with it." There's a rocky road ahead for the corporations. The *Zeitgeist* is against them and they can't "buck" the *Zeitgeist*, with all their money. "We are all Socialists now," Lord Salisbury said, a few years ago, and his words are coming true, and no one need be surprised in the least to find in the next campaign that the Roosevelt Republicans will be as radical for a certain sort of Socialism as the Democrats, if not more so. Capital is scared blue, as witness last Monday's "slump," and the rumor that all "merger" schemes are to be dropped. And to think that Willie Bryan had no immediate hand in it! Oh, the irony of fate!



The Standard Oil University

ONE cannot very well knock about in Chicago without hearing more or less of the great Standard Oil University, which seems to be organizing a sort of education trust, buying up smaller colleges and technical schools in the Windy City. What effect has the University had on Chicago? None to speak of, as yet. The people have not yet made up their minds as to the University. They only think first of its splendid endowment and then of the great output of animosity alleged against its management and its professors. The endowment is a good thing. The money will be spent in Chicago. As to the firing of the professors for teaching anti-plutocratic doctrines, it seems now to be generally conceded that the men so "fired" were "lightweights," "featherheads," extremists or rank sensationalists, looking for an advertisement. None of the men dismissed has shown anywhere else that he was a person of real power of mind or a force for culture. The University has turned away no first-class teacher for his views. The men dismissed were, as a rule, let go less for teaching doctrines distasteful to the endowing power, than for incompetence, or, rather, instability of character. What of the men alleged to have uttered absurdities of criticism in the class room? Most of them were not guilty. They were misreported. Their remarks were garbled. Their texts were distorted. The sensational press made them say things they never said. The University has suffered severely in popular

estimation, as a result of all this, but the institution seems to have been taken well in hand and there has been a cessation of University sensationalism. President Harper has succeeded in stopping the garbled reporting of class lectures, and the guileless professors no longer grant interviews to young men who give exceedingly free renditions of scientifically qualified statements. The University is gaining some prestige with the stoppage of sensationalism about its teachers' opinions. That sensationalism was an outgrowth of politics. It was a clever way of making capitalistic endowment of universities odious. The war on capital is not so crazy in its methods as it has been for some six years back, and so the University is not made to suffer because Mr. Rockefeller gives it his surplus millions. This is about what Chicago has come to think about the University, and it seems to be the truth. Chicago, in so far as the facts are as above stated, has had more effect upon the University than the University has yet had upon Chicago, but at least Chicago admires the way in which President Harper tackles the education problem on the theory that if money will furnish the educators for the people, he will get the best educators there are in the market. Chicago admires immensely this plan of applying commercialism to higher things. Chicago admires the manner in which the University has been advertised, and Chicago is proud to possess what is destined to become the largest "education-factory" in the United States, or in the world. This isn't much of an impression for such an institution to make on a city, but at least it shows that President Harper knows that the way to win Chicago is by appealing directly first to what Chicago will respond to most readily. The finer, less material aspects of the University will "strike in" on Chicago after a little while—it is hoped.



Vice in Chicago

THERE is a vast deal of vice, they tell me, in Chicago. But like vice in most places, you don't see it except when you are looking for it. And vice is a great bore. It's the same everywhere and deadly uninteresting when most atrocious. Vice is an attraction only to the vicious, and so, the people one really cares to see in Chicago don't know anything about the vice that so many visitors to Chicago tell us about. A man not unaccustomed to late hours may go around Chicago quite freely and fail to notice any more viciousness than is visible, without searching for it, in St. Louis or any other city. The Chicago habit of hyperbolization has probably heightened the impression that the place is a vile stew of sinfulness of all sorts, but the city doesn't live up to its reputation, at least not in the opinion of a person who doesn't care enough for vice to pay a guide two dollars per hour to "lead him to it." Really, though you'd not believe it, from all you've heard and read, there are some hundreds of thousands of very nice, simple, clean, decent people in Chicago. There are really about 1,999 per cent of people in Chicago's two millions that are not in the least like the people of "the Cities of the Plain." There are an incalculable number of husbands and wives who have not been divorced four times, thrice, twice or once, and never expect to be. There are people who put themselves out to make it pleasant for you, people who don't dream of "doing" you for your money, people just as good and refined and kind as any you'll find anywhere. If that's the kind of people you affect anywhere else, that's the kind of people you'll find in Chicago, and the kind of people that will find you, even if you're only there to rest for two days, and the kind of people that will really rest you in their graciousness and their gentleness of manner and spirit.

STATE BOODLERS

BY W. M. R.

LET in the light on all the legislative boodling. Let us have indictments where indictments are justified. No sane Democrat wants the investigation stopped. The exposure of the alum deal and other deals at Jefferson City can only help the innocent, who are under a cloud with the guilty. The "people" spotted the Jefferson City boodlers long ago. The Democratic party had them spotted, too. Democratic papers like the *Republic* and *Post-Dispatch*, in St. Louis, and the *Star*, in Kansas City, waged bitterer war on the gang than did the Republican papers. Democratic officials are pushing the investigation, here and at Jefferson City. The guilt of Democratic crooks does not affect Democratic principles. A whole party is not to be condemned because a few men it honored have "gone wrong." The party should be stronger, in fact, because of the destruction of the machine by the boodle revelations. And even if the exposure of the storm of one-thousand-dollar bills at Jefferson City should temporarily swing Missouri into the Republican column, it would be a misfortune not irreparable. The Democracy of this State has needed purging in the legislative branch for a long time, and now that the purging has been begun, it cannot be too thorough, even though the State's Democratic majority goes glimmering. Boodlers at the State Capital have grown too arrogantly contemptuous of public sentiment, just as they did in St. Louis. Their own folly has brought them to ruin, and their own party rejoices at the prospect of their just punishment. It is time for a new deal in Missouri, and by that I mean a new deal in both the great parties. The Democrats appear worse than the Republicans, only because they have been in the majority. Both parties are equally tainted. Both party machines need a cleaning. The Democratic machine, as at present represented by alleged or confessed boodlers, must disappear to make way for an organization of newer and cleaner men. There cannot be a too rigid investigation, but let us hope that we shall have indictments that will "stick," as well as startling newspaper stories that serve to warn away men who may possibly be able to furnish evidence to convict. There seems to be too much publicity of Grand Jury secrets that must, in a way, serve to obstruct the ends of justice. There seems to be more journalism in the investigation, thus far, than careful legal inquisition, and some of the publications would indicate that the chief end in view of those behind the investigation is to bespatter United States Senator Stone, without even the scintilla of evidence that he was corruptly identified with boodle measures at the State Capital. It is an outrageous abuse of the privilege of the press, for instance, when, although that gentleman was in his office in St. Louis all day Monday, Senator Stone was declared by the *Globe-Democrat*, of Tuesday, to be dodging or hiding out from the Cole County Grand Jury. The people of this State want a fair and square investigation of legislative boodling that shall get after and get at the guilty, of whatever party, but they don't want a double-barrelled investigation designed to serve party or factional ends by publishing abroad scandalous stories about prominent persons under pretense that such publication is privileged on the supposition that the subject matter is part of legal procedure. Let us have indictments. We have had enough and to spare of newspaper sensationalism trailing off into nothing. Indict the apparently guilty, but let us have an end of mere flurries seemingly designed only to provide a basis from which to hurl accusations unfounded and impossible to meet in the open by the objects of attack. Give us the facts in indictments,

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instead of newspaper stories not corroborated by indictments. Let no guilty man escape. Let no innocent man suffer through the prostitution of the investigation to partisan or factional purposes.



EDUCATIONAL EXTENSION

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

WHEN one pauses to estimate the vast sums of money invested in the public school systems of American cities, the extent and vitality of the growing enterprise of reform and the prevalence of a desire towards the mental and moral uplift of the submerged tenth, the spirit of American progress becomes most gratifyingly evident. The work accomplished by the public schools, by the churches of various creeds and by the numberless societies and clubs, is very considerably apparent in the changing characteristics of the crowded communities, but it is strikingly evident to any thoughtful observer that the educational system of our free schools has not been utilized to one-tenth of its easy possibilities.

There have been desultory attempts on the part of progressive pastors to transform their churches into club-houses for the entertainment and advancement of their parishioners, but these efforts have failed for obvious reasons. Sectarian differences, the arrangement of church edifices, the cost of heat, light and extra services, have all conspired to make the church-club idea impracticable. The Settlement Houses of New York and Chicago and a few scattered lyceums in the big cities have made limited successes as educative influences for the laboring classes. Miss Jane Addams and her Hull House in South Halstead street, Chicago, have become world-famous in spite of many difficulties and a very narrow field of activity. I made some mention of the neighborhood theaters of this city as a new and admirable expression of the same desire of the poor and uneducated to be enlightened and entertained at the same time.

For many years, Mr. Victor F. Lawson, the publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, has been quietly promoting his well-considered hope to make every public school in this city a neighborhood club or lyceum for the uses and pleasures of the parents, as well as of the children of the several districts. The people own the fine buildings and grounds, which are open for but a few hours each day of the scholastic year, and it seems to be but right that the toiling parents who pay the taxes should get from their public school system all there is in it. Mr. Lawson, though advocating some special legislation from the Board of Education, has failed thus far to achieve his desire to keep the schools open at night till about 10 o'clock, for the social and intellectual pleasure of the grown folks at each school center. But he has established a season of free entertainments, in about ten sections of the city, by paying the extra cost of heating, lighting and janitor service and by providing most of the entertainments at his own expense. Lectures, chalk talks, music, calisthenics and informal receptions by the school principals and teachers, held once a week in the poorest and most thickly settled neighborhoods, have proved that the enterprise is very popular and very effective for good.

The exchange of neighborly greetings, the furnishing of such new topics for thought and discourse as may be found in an illustrated story of travel, the convenience of the school halls and rooms, the absence of any necessity to "dress up," the advantage both to the children and to the parents resulting from the latter's contract with the teachers—all of these circumstances have conspired to make the *Daily News'* free lecture plan one of the most beneficial, as it is

one of the most pleasurable, phases of the life of the poor of Chicago.

The possibilities of expanding the idea along a dozen equally wise and delightful lines at once suggest themselves. Why should not the children be permitted to use the school play-grounds during the long summer days of vacation? Why should not the school-yards be equipped with swings, parallel bars and other gymnastic appliances? Women with children to care for, and without means to command help or pleasure, seldom go either to church or to the play. If they visit next door, or 'round the corner, it is to gossip scandal, or incur it. A sewing circle, or a reading club, or a free lecture at the neighborhood school, would yield pleasure without cost and instruction without weariness. Even the corner saloon would lose some of its attractions for men who are too tired, or too ill-dressed, or too poor to seek loftier and more remote relaxation.

I have addressed audiences of a thousand men and women, mostly laboring people, who took great pleasure in the stereopticon pictures and the descriptive words that must have wearied more fortunate but less naive assemblages. An hour or two of pictures, history, story and music in the public school hall seems to soothe and interest and please men and women who work with their hands and seldom see the inside of either church or theater. Certainly such an interval has kept some of them out of the saloon, or given the family growler a much-needed rest.

Nor is there any idea of reform in this movement to give the people the most and the best use of their schools that can be given to them. It seems a mere proposition of economy and justice; economy in the sense of getting the biggest returns out of the millions invested in our schools; justice in the sense of permitting the people who own them to have the fullest benefits from the property which they paid for and maintain. All reforms, all reconstruction of manners, laws and habits are, in the last analysis, dependent for success upon the education of the individual. The adult population of every one of our great cities does not, cannot go to school. A majority has no facilities for clean and inspiring amusement. The dives are crowded, not, I think, because mankind is generally of ill intent, but because there is "something doing," because the fare is cheap and the style slight in the beer-halls, gaieties and music halls of every city.

The rising generation will doubtless give good evidence of the educational advantages it is having now, but there is a large percentage of pupils who leave the schools without ever entering the higher grades. They go into the stores, the factories—even into the sweatshops—and money or mirth does not crowd into their lives. Too tired for night-school, too poor for elevating entertainments, what do they in the long evenings of their dreary days? They do as their parents did. They have not been much uplifted by the few weeks they passed at school when they were puny children.



REFLECTIONS

A Far-Reaching Decision

THE decision in the Northern Securities case will probably put an effective quietus, for some time to come at least, upon the consolidation movement. It is fully in accord with opinions expressed in the MIRROR, a year or so ago, regarding the causes and purposes of the speculative "deal," which resulted, first, in the absorption of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railroad Companies, and then in the consolidation of the three systems into one gigantic corpora-

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tion or trust, known as the Northern Securities Company. When Morgan and Hill proposed the merger, they were assured by the most prominent lawyers of the country that it could be effected in such a manner as to avoid all conflict with State and Federal laws. Upon this assurance, the "deal" went through without a hitch, and Wall street settled down to the conclusion that the last problem of Morgan financing had been solved. The Northern Securities Company bought up all the outstanding stock of the two constituent lines, voted them, and thereby was enabled to do, in an indirect way, that which it could not do in a direct way; that is to say, shape the policies and affairs of both the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, two competing systems. When, about a year ago, Attorney General Knox commenced proceedings against the merger on the ground that it was in restraint of interstate commerce and thus violating the Sherman anti-Trust law, counsel for the defense contended that the four hundred million dollar combine had no voice in the management of the constituent lines, inasmuch as it was merely holding their securities. This plea was, on its very face, a fatal admission of the allegation made by the Attorney General. To say that a corporation may hold all the securities of one or more subsidiary concerns and yet have no influence whatever upon the management of the latter, is too absurd and too contradictory an argument to merit serious consideration. And that it so impressed the court can be inferred from the lately-rendered decision. Of course, there will be an appeal from the Circuit Court of Appeals to the United States Supreme Court, but there is extremely little reason to believe that the latter tribunal will reverse the lower court. The blow delivered at the big merger in the Northwest is necessarily a triumph for the National Administration, and will be taken as proof that it was not merely for political or personal reasons, or for the purposes of a grand-stand play, that President Roosevelt encouraged the Attorney General in his crusade against the combine. Considering the fact that the opinion was unanimous, it would seem that the Sherman anti-Trust law is not the emasculated thing that it had been taken to be by many legal luminaries. The opinion is a clear and logical exposition of the intent with which the Act was passed in 1890. It says, *inter alia*: "Congress aimed to destroy the power to place any direct restraints on interstate trade or commerce, when by any combination or conspiracy, formed by either natural or artificial persons, such a power had been acquired; and the Government may intervene and demand relief as well after the combination is fully organized as while it is in process of formation." In these words, the court plainly intimates that the anti-Trust Act fully covers cases of this kind, and that its provisions are not rendered null and void by the mere fact that the Government authorities failed or neglected to have them enforced in previous, similar cases of combinations in restraint of trade. A legislative enactment of this kind is not rendered inoperative by nonfeasance. There is hardly any doubt but that the Federal government will find sufficient encouragement in the decision to institute legal proceedings against various other recent mergers in the railroad and industrial world. The decision is so sweeping and comprehensive, and makes such short work of pro-trust contentions, that combines of the United States Steel Corporation sort are amply warranted in preparing for emergencies. It demonstrates that much can be accomplished in the way of combatting monopolistic tendencies and the nefarious plans of stock-jobbers, if the authorities will only make diligent and sincere efforts to enforce existing laws whenever they apply.

A Beneficial Slump

THE late "slump" in Wall street, superinduced by the Northern Securities decision, disclosed the utter artificiality of recently prevailing quotations for speculative securities. The way prominent stocks succumbed under an avalanche of liquidation by weakened and frightened holders proved that prices had been buoyed up, principally, by past or prospective consolidations. It was not legitimate investment demand, but mere stock-jobbing and reckless gambling operations which had forced quotations to an unprecedentedly high level. The legal triumph won by the Government has knocked manipulative schemes and hopes into a cocked hat. Its restrictive effect will be felt in speculative markets for months to come, and should facilitate efforts to restore the money market to a more reassuring position. What we are now most in need of, in a financial way, is a prolonged period of quiet in Wall street. There has been entirely too much promoting and stock-gambling for the good of the country.



The Immigration Menace

IMMIGRATION into the United States is now breaking all records. This is, of course, due altogether to business activity on this side and depression and burdensome taxation on the other side of the Atlantic. In one way, the influx of foreigners is a good thing, because it gives us the right kind of laborers to do our rough, hard work, such as is incidental to the operation of coal mines and railroad construction. In another way, however, the pouring in of these hundreds of thousands of ignorant Hungarians, Poles, Russians and Sicilians constitutes a grave danger for the future. What, it may be asked, is to become of all these poverty-stricken aliens, when lean years of business have set in again? Is it not reasonable to expect that they will easily become the dupes and followers of fanatical agitators, of enemies of law and order, when the demand for labor has once more dwindled away? These Latins and Slavs will, in the course of time, be thoroughly assimilated, but, in the meanwhile, they must be regarded as a real political and economic menace.



An Anomalous Fight

THERE are two carpenter unions in New York City; one styles itself the Carpenters' Brotherhood, and the other the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters. Both belong to the American Federation of Labor, but are far from friendly towards each other. In fact, they are now engaged in a bitter struggle for supremacy. And all because the Brotherhood has determined to force the Amalgamated into joining it. The spectacle is a most unique and paradoxical one. It shows to what extremes labor union fanaticism may go; and it also shows that unionism itself does not necessarily make for peace even within its own ranks. It is intimated that the members of the Brotherhood in New York would never have sanctioned the adoption of oppressive measures against the rival union but for the machinations of the "walking delegate." None of them is earning less than four dollars a day. They do not see the necessity of going on a strike solely for the purpose of bringing a different organization into line. Occurrences of this kind cannot be expected to strengthen the cause of labor unionism. Arrogance and the assumption of dictatorial prerogatives ill become a body of workmen which is anxious to enlist the sympathy of the public in behalf of its cause.



The Servian Way

AMERICAN statesmen are justly proud of their achievements in constitution-stretching. They have, in the last few years, fairly vied with each other in

this field of political juggling. Yet they can hardly be said to be able to hold a candle to King Alexander of Servia. This potentate recently had difficulties with some of his advisers. Not being able to get rid of them in any other way, he straightway suspended the kingdom's constitution for five minutes, or just long enough to let out the obnoxious councillors, and then restored it to its former position. Now, this was unquestionably a very creditable performance for a king whose mental status has frequently been the subject of grave controversy. Alexander has given constitutional lightning artists a new way to solve Gordian knots in up-to-date Machiavellism. His system beats anything of its kind. It is a decided improvement on that of our American stretchers, inasmuch as it removes all possibility of legal wrangles in the courts, and all danger of a discussion of such boresome questions as to whether the Constitution follows the flag, or the flag the Constitution, or the flag and Constitution Jorgensen rifles and thirteen-inch guns.



Municipalization in Chicago

CARTER HARRISON'S majority was a dangerously small one, yet, like Mercutio's wound, it will serve. As he was elected on a platform favoring the municipalization of traction lines, he, immediately, after his election, issued a manifesto in which he affirmed his willingness to carry out pledges made to his supporters, and asked them to exert their influence to induce the Illinois legislators to pass the necessary Act enabling the City of Chicago to municipalize its street railway lines, and also an Act "establishing a reasonable and effective referendum." Now that the fight has narrowed down, it is to be expected that the traction syndicate will leave nothing undone to prevent all legislation at Springfield that might further the purposes of the municipal ownership party. And, as corruption in the legislative halls of Illinois is rife and perennial, the capitalistic lobbyists have fair prospects of coming out on top. Ultimately, however, they will have to succumb to the inevitable. Municipal ownership sentiment is growing in public favor. It is based on the sensible idea that public utilities belong to, and should be operated by, the municipality, and not be monopolized and exploited by private interests for private purposes only.



THE TALLIAFFERO TWINS

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

O LMSTEAD was awake. For hours he had punched his pillow into every corner of the berth, and had flung his great frame from one side to the other with a grim determination to sleep in spite of agitating thoughts and the rumble of the train.

At last he had given it up and lay looking out of the window into the wind-swept night. The track followed a thread of shadowy, misty stream, and beyond it loomed the black line of the mountains.

Something in the wildness of the scene suited Olmstead's mood. In another day he would be away from it—at his desk, he who loved every breath of freedom that a man draws on the plains or in the mountains.

Suddenly out of the darkness sprang a great square of yellow light. In some house a door had opened, and in the door Olmstead saw a girl. Her arms were beating the air above her head in seeming agonized fright, her mouth was open as if she screamed, but the roar of the train made silence of the sound. Then the train swept on.

Olmstead sat up and groaned. Back there something was happening and he was helpless.

He slipped on his clothes and made his way to the

The Mirror

smoking compartment. A sleepy porter nodded in one corner. By much questioning Olmstead discovered that in a few minutes a stop would be made for orders. The spirit of adventure was upon him. He crowded his things into a bag, and, with the eyes of the porter and conductor following him suspiciously, at the next station, plunged from the prosaic Pullman straight into the unknown.

At the end of a little platform there was a tiny point of light. Near the lantern Olmstead found the telegraph operator. He questioned tactfully. He did not want to unearth any family skeleton for the benefit of inquisitive neighbors.

His friends, he explained, lived near the track.

"You don't mean the old Talliaferro house?"

On a venture Olmstead nodded.

The operator expanded at once.

"Any friend of the colonel's," he began.

Olmstead felt guilty.

"It's a business matter," he asserted, and decided that he would make good his statement.

With a nod to the agent, he started away with a long, swinging stride. As the sun rose the mists of the early morning rolled up the mountain side and clung to Olmstead with soft, warm touch. There was a spicy scent of pines and the subdued occasional notes of belated birds.

Then all at once, there rose a song that was not the song of a bird. Olmstead took a step forward and stopped. Coming down a little path toward the road was the girl who, two hours before, he had seen in the sudden picture, her face convulsed with fear.

Now, with the song on her lips, she seemed the incarnation of care-free youth. She was strangely attired for early morning. Under the folds of an enveloping cape, he caught a glimpse of a filmy gown, and as she held her ruffles up from the wet grasses, she showed slippers, dainty and thin-soled.

All at once she saw him and hesitated.

"Oh!" she said. Evidently young men in correct tweeds were not of daily occurrence. Then she came on, all blushes, but holding her head high.

"I beg pardon—"

She stopped, and he asked his question of direction. Her eyes—gray eyes—were lifted, startled.

"Colonel Talliaferro?"

"Yes."

"I—I am going there. I am Miss Sallie Talliaferro. You wish to see my father?"

Olmstead's brain groped for an excuse. All at once he knew that it was fate that had brought him. But that was a foolish reason to offer to a girl whom he had known but a possible sixty seconds. However, the gray eyes demanded explanations.

"I wish to see him about a book—that—we think of publishing—I understand his library—"

He was safe, he thought. All Southern colonels have fine libraries, or the remnants and knowledge of one.

"Yes, he is interested in books." Olmstead fancied a shade of coolness in Miss Sallie's tone, which puzzled him until the solution flashed through his brain. He had announced himself a book agent, and Miss Sallie was undoubtedly descended from generations of gentlemen who had neither spun nor toiled.

He explained hastily that he was seeking information, not selling books, and Miss Sallie's blushes came out again. She had no tremors for an inferior, but this was different.

They exchanged conventionalities as they trod the narrow path side by side. In charming confidence she explained that she had been to a dance the night before, had danced all night, and then sat talking to her dear friend, Betty Dade, until morning. Betty's brother, Don, was to take her home, but he could not be found, and, in spite of protests, she had started out

alone. The gayety of her voice was subdued as the story ended. "I couldn't wait," she trembled. "Do you ever have presents?" was her sudden demand.

"No," said Olmstead, as became a practical man.

"I had one last night. Something was wrong, something—"

In Olmstead's mind was a startled thought.

"You were not at home last night?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Sallie's tender voice, while Miss Sallie's limpid eyes questioned.

"Does Miss Dade live near the track?"

"No; the Dades are way back in the country."

Yet Miss Sallie was the girl he had seen in the door of the old house! And, looking straight down into the limpid eyes, he doubted her.

A sudden curve had brought them close to the Talliaferro mansion. It was white pillared and white porticoed, and had a general look of run-down grandeur.

On the dying grass of the lawn were the marks of hoofs. A little frown gathered on Miss Sallie's fair face—a little worried frown, and as she went up the broad steps of the porch, she stooped as if to examine something. Then, drawing herself up sharply, she flitted on. Olmstead, following her, saw that muddy footsteps extended from the steps across to the door that last night he had seen flung wide open.

It was shut and barred now, and Miss Sallie struck it with the brass knocker—once, twice. There were shuffling steps within and an ancient colored woman peeped out.

"Is dat you, honey?" she said. "Well, you all is up soon." She smiled knowingly and nodded to Olmstead. Evidently she counted him as Miss Sallie's latest target for flirtation.

In the big hall, a fireplace faced the door, and Olmstead was invited to sit down, while Miss Sallie went to prepare her father for his coming. As she left him, however, Olmstead saw her eyes rest searching on the fender. When she had gone, he bent and looked at the polished brass. On the edge was a line of dried earth, as if a muddy boot had scraped it.

The door was open and Olmstead could see straight down the path to a little summer house at the end. Several times he thought he saw the flutter of a dress behind the lattice, and this thought was confirmed as a girl came out with a basket on her arm, heaped with late roses.

It was Miss Sallie! But how did she get there? He had heard her go upstairs, her high heels tapping the polished steps, and she could not have come down without his knowledge. She had changed her dress, too, and wore a faded blue cotton, simple and clinging.

She came up the path and across the porch. He saw her eyes. But they were not laughing eyes now—in them was weariness unspeakable, and her face was very pale. What had happened to change her in the few minutes since she left him?

She did not enter the hall, but following the porch around the side of the house, she disappeared.

In another moment he heard her voice on the stairs, and turned and faced—a girl in a pink cotton gown, with eyes that laughed and lips that curved happily.

Surely she had worn blue! Surely—his head whirled.

"You can come and see father," she said. Then she looked at him curiously as he stood and stared.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her blushes pinker than her dress.

"I saw you down there," Olmstead was pointing toward the summer house, "not more than two minutes ago, and I was sure you wore blue, and now here you are in pink. Are you a lightning change artist, or are there two of you?"

Miss Sallie's head was thrown back in irrepressible laughter. Then she dropped him a little curtsey.

"Please," she said, "there are two of me. This is Sallie and the other is Sophy."

"Sophy always wears blue," she explained, as they went upstairs together.

In the room that Olmstead entered an old man reclined in an invalid's chair. By his side was the girl in blue cotton. She, too, was smiling now.

"They are good girls," said the old man. "Sophy wanted to go to the dance, but she stayed with her old father and let Sallie go."

As he spoke, there crept into the eyes of the girl in blue a shadow that was not in the eyes of the one in pink.

"Did you sleep all right?" asked Miss Sallie, and Olmstead caught a note of eager questioning in her voice.

"All night, without a break," and the old man nodded his head like a pleased child.

But Olmstead was watching the girl in blue. There was more than a shadow now, there was horror.

Then the girls left them, and Olmstead talked books with an old man who in his leisurely life had read and pondered as the men of a more turbulent generation cannot.

At breakfast Miss Sallie sat at one end of the table and poured coffee and Miss Sophy sat at the other end and served fried chicken, and Olmstead sat between them and loved Miss Sallie because of her eyes and her blushes, and watched Miss Sophy because of the shadow.

Colonel Talliaferro would not hear of his leaving that day. So, late that night, Olmstead laid himself down in bed and looked out upon the same moon that had stared at him in the sleeper.

Through the open window came the sweet air of the mountains, the cool linen sheets smelt of lavender. With one heave of his tired body, Olmstead sank into the quiet sleep of the strong. But the man who has slept on the plains keeps an open ear for sounds.

The sound that wakened Olmstead was the high, sweet laughter of Miss Sallie. Then, all at once, came the subdued, deep tones of a man. Olmstead slipped into his clothes. In vain he assured himself that it was not his business. Has not a man instincts?

He opened the door softly and stepped out. The wide gallery that followed the square of the house was just above the great hall of the first floor. Olmstead, high up in the shadows, could not be seen by the two people who sat before the fire. There was no light but the light of the flames. Miss Sallie, in a white, flowing gown, leaned back in the great settee. Opposite her was a man, young, handsome. He wore riding boots and carried a crop.

Their conversation, though hushed, was intelligible to the listener.

"So you were frightened to-night?" laughed the man.

Miss Sallie tossed her head. "You're not so very dreadful, Don," she coquettishly.

"I scared you last night when you opened the door."

Last night! Oh, limpid eyes!

"Oh," remarked the self-contained Miss Talliaferro. "I thought it was—my sister, and when you came in, alone, and it was so late—"

"You'll go, then, Sophy, dear?" urged the man.

Sophy? Olmstead strained his eyes down into the shadows. He could have sworn to the rippling laugh as Miss Sallie's.

The girl rose and stood with her back to the fire. Her graceful slender figure was outlined against the glowing background. Olmstead could see now the blue ribbons that tied her gown. Her curls, caught up loosely in disorder, fell around her sparkling face.

The man was looking at her steadily.

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"I never saw you like this before, Sophy," he said.
"Tell me over again."

"I have the horses outside. We can ride to the station, take the train, go to Richmond and be married, and then you can come back and no one will be the wiser."

"But why not tell father—and Sallie?" said the girl slowly.

"There it is again," said the man savagely. "You know your father wouldn't consent."

"I should like to be married from home," said the girl. Her face was white now. "We Talliaferros don't like to do things in the dark."

Suddenly the man rose and caught her in his arms. There was a swift, short struggle, during which Olmstead stood with his nails cutting into the skin of his clenched hands. Then the girl pushed the man back.

"No, Don, no," she said.

"Sallie, Sallie!" The wail came from across the gallery where the stairway led to the floor below. On the top step stood the other twin, a candle held high above her head. Over her white gown drifted long pink ribbons, one trembling hand grasped the railing.

Then she went swiftly down the steps.

The man in front of the fire looked dazed.

Miss Sallie looked from the bewildered man to the accusing sister on the stairs, then she spoke in a low, even voice.

"When I came home this morning, I knew that something had happened. We, Sophy and I, are different from other sisters. What happens to one must communicate itself to the other. I had kept her away from the dance, because I knew you were home again. I let Betty plan to have you bring me home, because I wanted to see you and plead with you to let her alone."

The man sank on the seat, cowed by the scorn in her voice.

"I stayed with her to-night until she was asleep. Then I shut her window and the door, so that no sound should reach her, and I listened until I heard you whistle. I had on her dressing gown and left my own in its place. I knew the blue ribbons would confuse you. So I came down to find that you wanted to carry her off in the dead of the night to marry her—or not—as your fancy—" her voice trailed off into a sob.

"Sallie!" Miss Sophie's eyes were blazing now. "I want to go. I am going. Years ago I promised, and father broke it off. I will go."

"Father broke it off because Don drank—and was not worthy."

"Sophy," said the man. He held out his arms and she crept into them sobbing. She turned her face up to him and he laid both of his hands on her curls. Then over her head he looked at Miss Sallie.

"You can't help it, Sallie," he said. "Do you understand, we are going—to-night."

"Not to-night!" The three started as the calm tones floated down.

Over the rail leaned Olmstead, his big figure obscured by the darkness.

"Who is this?"

Young Dade was scowling blackly.

"A gentleman," said Miss Sallie, softly. Her cheeks were redder than the flames and her eyes brighter than the stars.

"From?"

"Nowhere," said Olmstead, easily. "A soldier of fortune, if you will, enlisted for the moment in the service of these young ladies."

"Sophy, will you go?" said Dade, furiously.

Miss Sallie sprang forward and twined her arms about her sister.

"Sophy," she said, "Sophie, darling. You can't leave this way. Think of father, of the honor of our women."

Slowly, Sophie slid to her knees and buried her face in her sister's dress.

Through the darkness, Olmstead came down and stood in front of the door.

Then all at once Miss Sophy got up from the floor and went over to her lover.

"Don," she said, "dear Don. Go away now. You know I love you, and shall always, bad or good. But won't you please, Don; oh, won't you please try to be good for my sake, so that I can marry you with a proud heart?"

Olmstead turned and looked through the window into the misty night, while Miss Sallie cowered on the settee. When they looked again Miss Sophy was in Dade's arms, but now there were tears on his cheeks.

"I was mad, I think," he said, "to ask her. But I want—her—. Perhaps when I come again, you'll

let me have her?" His words, low in their humility, were addressed to Miss Sallie.

"Indeed, we will, Don, dear," she said, and then with a look at Olmstead she slipped out through the big door to the porch.

He followed her, and they walked back and forth in the darkness.

"What do you think of us?" said Miss Sallie. The pale moon shone on her uplifted face.

"I don't dare tell you what I think of you," said Olmstead, unsteadily. "It is too soon—"

Then in a wonderful silence they wandered down the rose-bordered walk, and saw across the sky the first faint line of the dawn.

As they stood by the little summer house Dade came out of the big door and mounted his horse. He rode up to the porch, Miss Sophy rested her cheek for a minute against his coat, and he bent his head. Then he rode away.

"I must go to her," whispered Miss Sallie.

But Olmstead held her back. "Could you love like that?" he whispered.

Miss Sallie was pale no longer. "What do you think?"

Olmstead took her hands and gazed straight down into the limpid eyes. "I don't think," he ventured: "I know."



NOSTALGIA IN LONDON

BY VICTOR PLARR.

A S in a bell-glass of exhausted air,
A mouse is driven to death,
So, in this city, this close-built despair,
We gasp and pant for breath.

Oh, for the granite peaks, the empurpled seas,
The Celts so wild and kind,
Their heathery countries and furze-blossomed leas,
The roar of their sea-wind!

So little satisfies the man who sings!
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Is always longing for old, simple things,
Streams, woodlands, love, or rest!

From the Smart Set.

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NEW BOOKS

"The House on the Hudson," by Frances Powell, is a tale of love, criminal passion and intrigue, spiritedly and dramatically told, with characters forcibly drawn, and written in a style that is distinctively individual and indicative of much latent ability in the author. While some of the incidents border on the melodramatic, the tale, as a whole, can lay claim to marked merit and distinction. It is well-proportioned throughout, and at no time does violence either to the literary proprieties or the sense of logical development. It is modern life in the upper walks of society which the story deals with, the principal figure in it being *Athena Derohan*, a girl the fortunes of which lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the skilled and forcible author. "The House on the Hudson" must be classed among the better sort of fiction of the present day. The price of the book is \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Frederick W. Eldridge is the author of "A Social Cockatrice," an ambitiously-designed story of modern social life in New York. Like others of its kind, this story suffers from a superabundance of ill-restrained fancy on the part of the author and from a turgidity of style that does not go very well with a too obvious lack of real thought. Yet, in spite of this, the story holds our interest, and this principally because it deals with a phase of modern life that invites the ever-increasing attention of moralizers and social observers. The leading figure in it is *Beatrice*, a woman of selfishness, frivolity and misguided passions. To offset this unsympathetic character, the author has given us *Edith*, her sister, a young girl of sweet and pure nature, who endears herself to us by deeds of charity and moral fortitude, and who, in a scene of considerable dramatic power, is provoked into killing *Beatrice* with her own hands. Published by Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of "The Stirrup Cup," by J. Aubrey Tyson. This is a story of the Revolutionary War. It is full of the military spirit of the times, of stirring adventure, dauntless bravery and patriotism, treachery and love. George Washington, Major André and Aaron Burr play prominent parts in the narrative. The latter's relations with Madame Prevost, who afterwards became his wife, and who was noted for her beauty and intellectual prowess, furnish the love motive of the story. The book makes good reading. It interests us from the very start. It is free from most of the blemishes which mar the average historical novel of the present day. Binding and typography call for special praise. Price \$1.25.

The third number of volume one of "The Flame Series," published by A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco, Cal., contains an economic-social sketch, which, from an ethical standpoint, must be considered of decided merit. It is entitled "A Tale of a Town," and its author is Lionel Josephare, a well-known writer of the Pacific Coast. The industrial slavery and misery and wrongs of the

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present age are graphically, if a little too luridly, depicted in this singular story. Radicals will find this number to their liking. Price, 25 cents net.

The "Impressions Quarterly" for March, 1908, has just made its appearance. This little periodical stands for independence and originality in thought, and therefore deserves to be read by all who long for something better than the ordinary humdrum "stuff" which yawns at us from the pages of so many American magazines. Among the contributors to the current number are Dora Amsden, Alfred A. Wheeler, Ernest Carroll Moore, A. T. Murray, Morgan Shepard, Charles Keeler and Lorenzo Sosso. Ernest Carroll Moore's comments on W. J. Ghent's "Our Benevolent Feudalism" we consider decidedly interesting. Mrs. Amsden's "Print Artists of Japan" is a charming and instructive study. The price of each number of "Impressions Quarterly" is 15 cents. Yearly subscriptions 50 cents. Published by Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard San Francisco, Cal.



THE FATE OF THE FLIRT

BY HARRY COWELL.

(Veracity to sentiment, truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion—that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.)

THE truth that virtue is its own reward has for corollary the converse truth, that vice is its own punishment. In this way sin, of which the statute books take no account, find terrible atonement. The criminals who kill Time commit more than murder and must suffer the remorse of regicides. The fool has perpetually to put up with his own insufferable company and the averted faces of humanity. The leaden hearted cannot hope to climb the hills of dream or to win the heights of happiness.

In the *recherche* rogue's gallery, which the imagination readily fashions, a prominent place must be assigned to the flirt. Let us examine the picture somewhat minutely in its relation to the foregoing corollary.

A flirt, in spite of the dictionary, may for a time be of either sex, but it invariably ends by being of neither. The flirt is one who feigns and falsifies emotion; and this is the lie which makes love impossible and mankind miserable. The flirt is a falcher of affection, is guilty of the gross misdemeanor of obtaining love under false pretenses. Now, if there is any one infallible test of the moral fitness of a man or woman to survive in society, it is his or her deportment in matters of the heart—in friendship and in love. To bungle here is to make a sorry mess of life's brief business; to prove oneself the mere amateur (the person who does not know how to do it) in the difficult art of living.

Worst of all world bunglers, sorriest specimen of inanity, is the finished flirt, beggared of spontaneity, nature-pure, vainly endeavoring to batter herself into a warm affection (as Burns is said to have done), aping the inimitable aspect of a lover, feeling within the while none of the sacred fire.

For soon the flirt becomes spiritually blasé, impotent of soul, self-slain. The divine desires are dead. At her cold heart may no affinity-flame be kindled. Will a true man ever long to cleave close to this lie, an earnest soul seek



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The Mirror



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for mate this mummer of emotion? The flirt, having lost the precious bloom of purity, is a fruit that no longer invites; for it no heart hungers; no eager hand reaches out. The maid in name only, bedecked with her false jewel of technical virginity, remains such to the end, or else becomes a wife in name only; realities are reserved for the true of heart. The flirt is, I believe, functionally defective; that she is instinctively averse to motherhood I know. Long before she reaches her punitive premature old age, her sin begins to find her out. The utter absence of correspondence between outer expression and inner feeling, or rather lack of feeling, has grown to be a pitiable, patent lie, the abomination of God and man. Her face, like those of actors overmuch made-up when seen near at hand, is such a caricature of a lover's, the misfit between it and emotion so obvious and ridiculous, that pity at once passes into contempt. After awhile, a very little while, the flirt becomes the spoil of callow youths and callous dotards, and has neither chick, child, man, woman, God, nor self to friend.

I do not class with the flirt those impressionable persons who, on the least provocation, fall in love (or something very like it) and as readily fall out again. For, in their cases, though much confusion of feeling may arise, and the delicate outlines of love be lost, and memory become a medley of emotions, yet, because their affections are for the time being true, unfeigned, they escape the fate of the flirt.

The fate of a flirt! the last end of a living lie! Flee it, playactors of passion; for it is in truth appalling. Not to be loved, no matter what the cause, is indeed a sad lot; but to know that you have willfully forfeited the right to be loved is sadder; and not to be able to love, because of your own vice, is as it were to be conscious of having committed suicide of the soul, and is saddest of all. For to be powerless to rise to a real emotion, much less to maintain an ecstasy, is, especially for a woman, to have failed completely in life.

And now behold the flirt grown old, fallen in midsummer into the sere and yellow leaf of loveless existence—her world within one interminable wintry waste, more desolate than death, hopeless of any spring. For without love, youth in woman soon languishes and dies; and contrariwise no woman who loves well and is well beloved ever grows old. Love is the elixir of life, the fountain of perpetual youth. But the divine drink is forbidden the flirt; neither to give it nor take it is hers. Finally she no longer feels thirsty for love, yet suffers a thirst for the thirst; then a thirst for that thirst; and so on ad infinitum. Take a last look at her before the kindly curtain falls, down on her self-conscious knees, it may be like George Moore's famous, or infamous, celibate, *Mildred Lawson*, with exaggerated eyes upturned and habitual ineffective simper, imploring the All-Compassionate to remove her impotence and grant her the grace of a genuine emotion. "Give me a passion for God or man, but give me a passion. I cannot live without one." Alas, it is plain to be seen, that all earthly lovers having forever failed her, she is now but flirting with the very Father of Heaven Himself.—*Town Talk*.

\$30 to California

That is the Rock Island's rate from St. Louis. In effect daily, February 15 to April 30. Tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars, which the Rock Island runs every day in the week Kansas City to Los Angeles and San Francisco. These cars make quicker time to Southern California than similar cars over any other line. Cars are operated over both the "Scenic" and "Southern" lines. Thro' tourist car for California leaves St. Louis Tuesdays; for Portland, Thursdays. Folder giving full information mailed on request.



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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Ruth Slattery left for Memphis, Tenn., and is the guest of Miss Irene Bond.

Miss Lynette Cole, of Kansas City, is spending some time in St. Louis with friends.

Mrs. R. Whitmore, of New York, is the Easter guest of her daughter, Mrs. D. R. Calhoun.

Mrs. R. B. Dula, with her daughters, Misses Rena and Flora, is in Atlantic City for a stay of several weeks.

Miss Nannie Chassaing has gone to Washington, D. C., where she is spending several weeks with relatives.

Face and scalp treated by massage and electricity at Fidilia Cosmetic Parlors, DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, accompanied by Mr. Paul Young and other friends, left for French Lick Springs last week.

Mr. Caspar Koehler has engaged passage for Europe and will depart early in May. He will make only a short business trip this season.

Miss Gladys Behr, who has just returned from a winter's sojourn in Old Mexico, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Leslie Behr, of Maryland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman King will set out on their trip around the world next week. They will go to San Francisco and from there take steamer for Hong-Kong.

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Most of their time on the other continent will be passed in Japan.

A quiet home wedding was that of Miss Helen Parrish, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Parrish, of 5065 Vernon avenue, and Mr. Guernsey Quay, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. C. E. Udell and Miss Grace Finkenbinder have as their guest Miss Lucille Talbot, of Chicago, for whom a number of smart affairs were given last week.

Miss Anne Bartlett Newell's marriage to Mr. Denney W. Roper was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Newell, parents of the bride, at their home, 4526 Laclede avenue.

Miss Gertrude Ballard's dance to-night at her home in Delmar boulevard will bring together many of the younger matrons in society. This will be the first dance of importance since the week before Lent.

One of the smartest "euchres" of the season was given Monday afternoon by Mrs. John W. Harrison, at her home in Washington Terrace. Mrs. Nannie Wright of the Southern Hotel was the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse R. Wilkinson have moved into their new home, 3728 Evans avenue. Mrs. Wilkinson was until recently Miss Susie Bringhurst. The Wilkinsons were to have had an immediate wedding journey, but have decided to postpone it till June.

The most noted of the out-of-town weddings on Wednesday was that of Miss Ada Housman, daughter of Mr. James Houseman, of St. Charles, Mo., and Mr. Theodore Bruere, Prosecuting Attorney of the quaint old Missouri town.

Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent gave a children's cotillion last Monday evening at her home in Westminster place. Miss Louise Nugent, who is at home for the Easter holidays from the Maryville Convent School, and Master Casey Nugent, were the honorees of the charming affair.

Mrs. Julius Walsh distinguished herself by playing the harp obligato in the "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" of the Easter service in St. Xavier's. It was not generally known that Mrs. Walsh had offered to render that service for the choir of the church in which she worships.

If signs go for anything, then it will not be long before Mr. George W. Simmons, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Simmons, will settle down to the matrimonial state. He has just purchased the old Morris homestead at Woodlawn, and will take possession of it about May first.

The out-of-town wedding of note was that of Miss Adeline Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Potter, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Joseph Walker Wear, of this city. The nuptials were solemnized in St. Paul's Church at four o'clock, and attended by many prominent St. Louisans, relatives and friends of the groom.

Mrs. Huntington Smith will give the last of this season's musicales at her home on Locust street next Friday evening. The event is to honor Miss Spalding, of Kentucky, who is Mrs. Smith's guest. With the close of the month, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. W. D. Griswold will depart for Castleton, Vermont, their summer home.

Last Tuesday, April 14, was the important day of the week for Easter weddings. The marriage of Miss Mildred Louise Rohrer, daughter of Mr. Henry Rohrer, of 4324 West Morgan, and Mr. Frank Graham Moorehead, of Des Moines, Ia., was celebrated at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead departed for the East for a brief honeymoon, and will reside in Des Moines.

Miss Manette Cale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cale, was married to the Rev. Charles Rauch, pastor of Cote Brilliante Presbyterian Church. The ceremony took place in the edifice of which the Rev. Rauch is the pastor. Almost the entire Presbyterian clergy of the city attended the nuptials and the large reception given immediately afterwards in the spacious home of the bride's parents, on North Taylor avenue.

Miss Lily Coale's dinner to the Dinner Club on Monday night was the occasion

The Mirror

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

About Check Silks

Louisine and Taffetas Check Silks have a prominent place among the materials used for the stylish Spring and Summer Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Skirts and Shirt Waist Suits.

The styles, sizes and colors of the checks are so varied that even the most fastidious dresser who desires individuality can choose from among our assortment.

While those most wanted are in the staple checks, blue and white and black and white, we have also unusual patterns in broken block and hair-line checks.

One would not think that these desirable checks were so scarce after seeing our abundant assortment—there is no mystery about this complete gathering—we placed import orders months ago with the manufacturers of France and Switzerland—many of the styles shown are only shown in St. Louis here—the prices are very moderate, a yard.....

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THEATRICALS

DOLLY VARDEN.

Stange and Edward's "Dolly Varden," the pretty comic opera in which Miss Lulu Glaser twinkles brightly as a star at the Century Theater, this week, is a step backward in the right direction. The composer and librettist discarded the "musical comedy" pattern in the fashioning of this work, and, harking back to the good old days when comic operas contained music and a coherent story, built a pleasant, entertaining operetta.

Mr. Julian Edwards, in the music, displays a marked partiality for waltz time, but this rhythmic monotony is offset by the variety of his melodies. Among the most striking musical numbers are, "Dolly Varden," a dainty, pretty waltz sung by Captain Belleville in the first act; an excellent trio by Dolly, Belleville and Fairfax; a bright, clever song, sung by Dolly in the second act, entitled "The Lay of the Jay," and a harmonious octette in this act. Mr. Edwards expresses himself a bit bombastically at times—for example, the finale of the first act. This finale,



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The Mirror

though, shows good musical thought and contains a fine climax.

Mr. Stanilaus Stange's "book" is quaint and pretty, contains many bright lines, and his lyrics are plastic and singable. *Dolly* is a variety of "country mouse," but has very little in common with the one recently exploited by Miss Barrymore. This country mouse is a hoyden, almost a rough-and-tumble soubrette, and Miss Glaser plays her without regard for lung or larynx. The little star is lovely to look at in her picturesque costumes, and is as girlishly fresh and delightfully breezy as in the days when she sometimes yielded the center of the stage to Francis Wilson.

The "supporting company" is good. Mary Conwell, a handsome mezzo-soprano, new to the wilds of the Middle-West, sang, with fine effect, the music given to Letitia Fairfax, and the Messrs. Girard, Blake and Daniel exploited acceptable comic-opera baritone, tenor and bass voices, respectively.

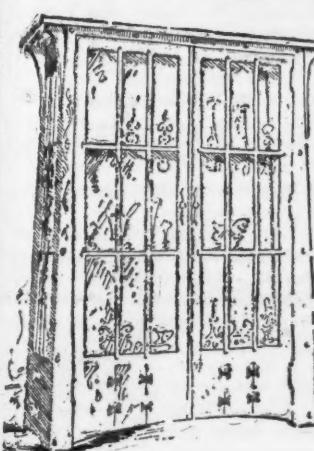
The scenery and costumes bore the stain of travel—all but the gorgeous gowns of the star.

"The Stubbornness of Geraldine," as presented at the Olympic this week, is a poor confection. It is boresomely typical of Clyde Fitchism. It is both improbable and illogical. The plot is almost puerile, and the climactic construction tediously amateurish. If it were not for the fact that the play is interpreted by a really capable company, the brilliant center of which is Miss Mary Manning, it would be utterly intolerable. The heroine of it is a wealthy American girl, *Geraldine Long*. She falls in love with, and is loved by, an Hungarian count, who performs remarkable linguistic feats in trying to make himself understood in the Government's English. All would be well with the two, but for the spreading of reports that the lover has had an "interesting past" in London, and for his desire to win a fortune of his own before asking for the hand of love-lorn *Geraldine*. Of course, the Count is made the innocent victim of a misunderstanding, for it is not he, but his brother, who committed indiscretions of various kinds. For reasons, the logic of which is not very apparent, the Count does not unbosom himself and enlighten his Dulcinea in regard to his identity and intentions until the last act, when he is made to assume the melodramatic rôle of a violin-player in a Hungarian band. Then he reveals himself and makes all those necessary explanations which he could, with perfect propriety, have made from the very start, or at the time when he serenaded *Geraldine* in the moonlight on deck of an Atlantic liner. Of course, the two lovers have all their hearts' longings gratified at the final drop of the curtain.

Miss Mary Manning discloses marked dramatic ability in that scene of the third act, where she reproaches her relatives for misjudging and calumniating her lover, and, in a paroxysm of emotional grief, asseverates her faith in the honesty of his intentions. Her acting in this scene is marred neither by the striking of a false key, nor by an undue exaggeration of emotionalism.

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The climactic *crescendo* is brought out in a remarkably capable, even ingenious fashion, which makes a deep impression upon appreciative auditors.

Amy Ricard's *Vi Thompson* is a most amusing character-sketch, and so is H. Hassard-Short's *Lord Tilbury*. Miss Kathleen Chambers succeeds in making a good deal out of the comparatively obscure *Mrs. Reed*, and Miss Anita Rothe deserves unqualified praise for the quietly artistic manner in which she impersonates *Fraulein Handt*.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION MEETING,

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

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Remarkable List of New Things in Forepaugh-Sells Big Shows.

As circus day approaches there is considerable curiosity as to what there will be of especial interest to see. So many new features are being advertised this year by the Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers shows that their list is a literal embarrassment of riches. The features mentioned most by the press of the larger cities of the country may be named here, for there is the positive pledge of the management that the shows as seen here will be exactly the same in every detail as they were in those cities.

Naturally, the feature to receive the most mention was Diavolo's truly wonderful feat of looping the loop on a bicycle, a one-thousand-dollar-a-week attraction. In point of sheer daring nothing like this act has ever been presented in any arena. Then there are the Aurora Zouaves, pronounced by the nobility and royalty of Europe to be the best-drilled company of soldiers in the world; Captain Thomas Baker's detachment of Roosevelt Rough Riders and veterans of the famous Sixth U. S. Cavalry, beyond all doubt the greatest military horsemen on earth; the Ryan-Zorella troupe of seven astonishing aerialists; Minting, the unicycle marvel, who ascends and descends a spiral tower on a single wheel; the quartette of cakewalking horses and their famous manege riders, William Gorman and Albert Weitzell, and Mills, Sebastian and Miss Mamie Kline, the only circus act ever encored at Madison Square Garden; the Jackson Family Cycling Septette, and Starr, the Shooting Star, who rides a bicycle down a ladder, from the top of the huge tent, complete a programme of cycling features greater than the world has ever seen before. Dozens of other experts in startling specialties, four herds of performing elephants, hippodrome races of every kind, a magnificent menagerie and splendid parade all go to make up an exhibition that has never been approached in quality or quantity by any shows of previous years. The great consolidation will exhibit here at two o'clock, for one week, commencing April 20th.



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NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

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The Mirror

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J. L. Hanley, Treasurer.
March 15, 1903.
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pleasure that I address you con-
cerning the Pianola that I bought
from you some time ago, and I
trust that you will not hesitate to
call upon me at any time that I
can say a good word for the instru-
ment.

No investment I have ever made
has so fully repaid me, for I have
derived an infinite amount of
pleasure and instruction in produc-
ing myself, with musical feeling,
great compositions, which other-
wise would be denied me.

It is in connection with above
words, "With musical feeling,"
that I most heartily recommend
the Pianola above similar devices,
for after trying other instruments,
I find it, alone, responds to every
little effect one wishes to produce.

Thanking you for calling my atten-
tion to the Pianola, and also
thank you for your uniform
courtesy, I am.

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH L. HANLEY.

Bollman Bros. Co.,
1120 and 1122 Olive Street,
City.

Gentlemen—

Yours of the 5th to hand making
inquiry about the Pianola pur-
chased from you about one year
ago, and answering have to say,
we have found same a constant
source of pleasure, as our Piano
has been utilized in a much more
general way than would have been
the case without the Pianola, and
besides, we have thereby been
made familiar with the music of
celebrated composers, which has
been a great satisfaction.

Very truly,
G. W. BROWN.
(President Brown Shoe Co.)

The Genuine Pianola Can
Only Be Purchased at....

**Bollman Bros. PIANO
CO.**
1120 and 1122 Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Hall Caine's "The Christian" is the Century's next attraction. This eminently successful play as formerly produced, is well remembered by the patrons of the theater in St. Louis, for its general interest and splendid production. In the forthcoming engagement, beginning on Sunday night next, Messrs. Liebler & Company furnish a number of artists in the cast new to this city in their respective roles, but who have been accorded most favorable comment by press and public everywhere. Miss Clara Blandick, who appears as "Glory Quayle," brings youth and vivacity to the part, with charm of personality quite captivating, while the "John Storm" of Stanton Elliott is manly, and is said to bespeak natural talent of a high order. Basil West will be seen as "Lord Robert Ure," Edwin Forsberg as "Horatio Drake," with others well chosen for the various roles.

Mr. William Faversham will appear at the Olympic, Monday evening, the 20th, in his new play, "Imprudence." Mr. Faversham in the rule of "Jack Freve" is reported to be in his most successful creation. Miss Fay Davis in the fresh and girlish role of "Billy" Marr is also a potent factor in the production of splendid results of the "Imprudence" performance, and Hilda Spong, Jeffreys Lewis, and the other members of the "all-star" cast do their share of the admirable work which so completely and convincingly interprets the pretty love story.

"Das Vierte Gebot," Sunday evening's offering at the Germania Theater, was heartily enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience, while that of Wednesday evening, "Taegliches Brot," was received with equal acclaim. By special request, Sunday, the 19th, "Das Blitzmaedel," a comedy in four acts, with songs and dances interspersed, will be presented. Miss Leona Bergere and George Heinemann essaying the leading roles. G. E. Lessing's beautiful drama, "Emilia Galotti," will be produced Wednesday evening.

The City Club Burlesques, at the Standard Theater this week, are presenting a very entertaining bill. Rose Carlin, in the vaudeville programme, won rounds of enthusiastic applause; she is of pleasing stage-presence and sang her various selections with no mean degree of tonal skill and grace. Among others deserving of mention are Greve and Green, Reid and Gilbert and the three Dane sisters. Next attraction, the "Trocaderos."

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CALIFORNIA.

With its connections it is about five hours quicker than any other line from St. Louis to Los Angeles. Choice of four direct routes to California. The only line operating through standard sleeping cars. For further information inquire Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain Route, City Ticket Office, St. Louis.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.
MARY MANNING

MANAGEMENT
Frank McKee in
Clyde Fitche's play
The Stubborness of
Geraldine.
Matinee Saturday

NEXT MONDAY,
Will Faversham

IN
his new production
Imprudence

CENTURY

NEXT SUNDAY.

4th Time

Hall Caine's

The Christian

NEW BOOKS AT CUT PRICES.

When Patty Went to College, Jean Webster; A Virginia Girl in the Civil War, Myra L. Avary; The Work of Wall Street, S. S. Pratt; The Traitors, E. Phillips Oppenheim; Before the Dawn, Joseph A. Altsheler; The Chameleon, James Weber Sinn; The Comedy of Conscience, S. Weir Mitchell; Handicapped Among the Free, Emma Wayner, and many other popular books at popular prices.

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Mr. Richard Hall . . .

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The Vulcan Gas Water Heater

heats water quickly. Can be used in connection with Any Coal or Gas Range. Consumes very little gas and is only

Set up complete in your house. **\$7.50**

Order Yours Before the Rush.

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Any one can spare \$2.00 in change;

But this is the only place in town

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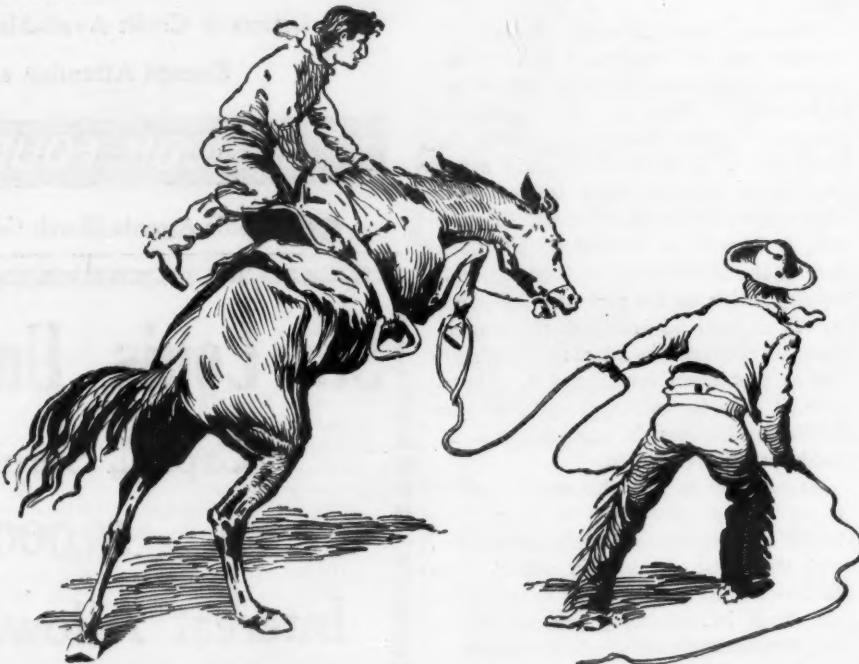
CARNIVAL of RIDING and ROPING

Fair Grounds, St. Louis,

Sunday, May 3, 1903,

Unprecedented
Attractions,
Depicting
Cowboy Life
on the Plains.

Augmented
by New
and
Thrilling
Features.



Presenting Among Other Events the Following Well Known Individuals and Attractions :

Miss Lucy Mulhall—Oklahoma,
Champion Lady Rider and Roper of the World.
Miss Cherry Harris—Williston, North Dakota,
The Peerless Horsewoman of the Northwest.
R. Conley—Big Springs, Texas,
Holding World's Roping Record Gained at El Paso, March, 1903—
21 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
Charley Pool—Chelsea, I. T.,
Champion Wing Shot of the Territory.
Clay McGonigle—Midland, Texas,
Champion Roper in the Three-Steer-Tie.
Joe Gardner (Handsome Joe)—San Angelo, Texas,
One of the Swiftest in the World, a Fascinating Rider of the Plains
and Winner of Many Contests.
Gus Pickett—Decatur, Texas,
Winner of St. Louis Roping Contests.
Will Garratt (Nephew of the Noted PAT. GARRATT.) Roswell, New Mexico,
An Ideal Rider.
F. M. Borjorquez—City of Mexico,
The Pride of the Republic—Representing Mexico in Roping Contests.
E. B. Holt—El Paso,
Texas' Most Fascinating Rider—A Peer Among Horsemen of the
Plains.
S. T. Privett—San Angelo,
The Pride of Tom Green County.

W. C. Mossman—Chihuahua, Mexico,
Champion Broncho-Buster of Mexico.
Jim Hopkins—Mulhall, O. T.
The All-'Round Rider and Roper—A Champion in Two Classes.
Bob Miller—North Dakota,
Champion Roper of the Dakotas.
Acey Draper—Big Springs, Texas,
An Ideal Specimen of Texas Cowboy.
Captain John Sterling—Australia,
A Famous Rider from the Australian Bush—First appearance here.
Frank Sterrett—Abeline, Texas,
Champion Rider and Rifle Shot of Texas.
Also a Large Band of Indian Territory Cowboys.
Sioux, Cheyenne and Osage Indian War Dances.
Champion Glass Ball Shots,
Rifle, Pistol and Shot Gun.
Relay Riding,
Demonstrating Lightning Changes—Introducing both Lady and
Gentlemen Riders.
Wild Cattle Riding,
By Entire Company of Cowboys, a Feature Never Before Presented.

FRISCO SYSTEM COWBOY BAND.

The contestants in this carnival are in no case professional show people, but on the other hand represent the best of their class in each instance as found pursuing their vocations.

COL. ZACK MULHALL, Director General.

THE STOCK MARKET

Speculative calculations in Wall street have again been totally upset, and this time by the decision in the Northern Securities case, which, contrary to the expectations of the great majority of traders, is in favor of the Government's contention that the railroad combine in the Northwest is unlawful and restraint of trade, and, therefore, violative of the clauses of the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890. At this time, it is not easy to define the exact scope of the decision handed down by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. It may be taken for granted, however, that, pending the appeal to, and final decision of, the United States Supreme Court, the Northern Securities Company will not have the legal right to vote its holdings of Great Northern and Northern Pacific shares. Neither will it have the legal right to pay dividends on its own stock.

That Wall street is in a state of complete bewilderment at this decision is not to be wondered at. Even Mr. Morgan lost his customary equanimity of mind when the news reached him and hastily summoned his most prominent legal and financial advisers to a conference to devise ways and means by which the unexpected and serious turn in affairs could be most effectively met. So far, nothing has been learned in regard to the results of this conference, but, judging by some offhand expressions on the part of a few of the consultants, the belief is warranted that the powers in Wall street have arrived at the conclusion that nothing can be done for the present, beyond taking an appeal from the decision and hoping for a reversal, ultimately, by the Supreme Court at Washington. Morgan and his friends will, of course, do their utmost to reassure the public as to the final outcome, but it is most unlikely that their optimistic explanations and predictions will have the result desired, in face of the fact that the decision in the lower court is unanimous.

After the announcement of the decision, there was a sharp break in many leading stocks, but a recovery set in immediately after, some of the big bears covering their short lines on the theory that the decline had gone far enough for the present. Undoubtedly, the fall

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in values would have been greater but for the three holidays, professional traders being disposed, as a general rule, to even up their contracts on such occasions. While the decision is of the greatest importance, and, from the standpoint of stock waterers and consolidationists, a most untoward one, it is not likely that it will cause much, if any, further decline. It will be remembered that when in February, 1902, Attorney General Knox instituted his proceedings against the great merger in the Northwest, the market recovered quite decisively after the first effect of the news of the Attorney General's move had worn off.

However, there is ample reason for Morgan and his syndicates to view the situation and prospects with grave apprehensions. There is little prospect that the Supreme Court will reverse the lower court. A decision rendered unanimously is sure of being treated with great respect by the higher court. Besides this, it is well to remember that there has, in the last few years, been a decided disposition on the part of the Federal courts to hold adversely to the contentions of combines in all cases where the law or precedents sanctioned it. Therefore, it may be said that the Northern Securities Company's legal status is already practically settled.

In addition to this, the money market is still in a precarious position. The banks are trying to fortify themselves, and the trust companies, which have hitherto, been in the habit of going to the limit in extending accommodation to pressed borrowers, are preparing to establish conservative rates of reserves of their own, in compliance with recent demands made upon them by the Clearing House. At this writing, call loan rates are hovering around the 6 per cent notch, and there is little probability that they will sink back to 3 or 4 per cent within the next month or two. There will, at least, not be any lowering of rates on mixed loans, much less on such as are made up of industrial or highly speculative railroad issues exclusively.

And, then, there is the foreign exchange market still puzzling and worrying Wall street cliques. While money is loaning at 6 and 7 per cent, and at even higher rates, sterling rates continue to hug the 4.87 mark. Any drop in rates would quickly result in withdrawals of gold for export. So much is practically admitted by all competent observers. Besides this, indications are that the late comparative ease in London's money market is again drawing to a close. There is such a demand upon money resources in that market that the Bank of England still refuses to reduce its discount rate, and continues, in a quiet fashion, to increase its reserves.

Outsiders are still persisting in their attitude of suspicion. They are not anxious to buy at present, in spite of the lowering of quotations. And, considering the import of the Northern Securities decision, it is unreasonable to expect them henceforth to be more inclined to listen to the siren songs of Wall street, and to purchase shares the value of which is more or less of an unknown quantity.

The boom days are over. The old

The Mirror**THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK**

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

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SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.
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to ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The Mirror

19

STATEMENT OF

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis,

APRIL 9th, 1903.

RESOURCES.

Currency and Coin.....	\$8,493,396.97
Checks and cash items.....	1,059,064.77
Exchange	9,368,685.98
	\$18,921,147.72
United States Bonds at par	\$8,404,400.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	4,233,691.06
Loans and Discounts	36,976,697.06
Banking House	1,000,000.00
	\$69,535,935.84

LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$ 7,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits	8,313,643.36
Circulation	6,499,997.50
U. S. Bond account	162,400.00
Pension Fund	59,356.28
Reserve for Taxes	30,000.00
Deposits	47,470,538.70
	\$69,535,935.84

B. F. EDWARDS, Cashier.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND CORPORATIONS SOLICITED UPON FAVORABLE TERMS.
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

tricks are not working any more. The public has been fooled so often that it has resolved to be fooled no more. A few years hence, the public is likely to be dancing once more to the tunes of Wall street pipers, but, for the present, and for some time to come, the "over-loaded" syndicates will have to content themselves with worrying along all by themselves, and with efforts to hold up each other rather than the outsider.

The statement of the United States Steel Company, for the March quarter, was quite a staggerer to the bull crowd, as it showed a decrease, compared with the corresponding period of 1902, of \$2,059,321, and a decrease, compared with the last December quarter, of \$7,329,000. These figures are anything but satisfactory. They are disquieting in the extreme. Friends of the company say that the closing of lake navigation and the recent freight blockade must be regarded as the sole reasons for the falling off in earnings. They may be right, but they will not find willing believers until the statement for the current quarter has been made public. According to trade reports this week, the price of pig iron is slowly receding, and stocks on hand are moderately increasing.



LOCAL SECURITIES.

Last week witnessed a little increase in activity in trading on the local stock exchange. Prices were, as a rule, steady, and buyers more numerous. The inquiry for bank and trust company shares is, according to the statements of prominent brokers, on the increase. It will, however, require a much more lively demand to lift quotations to any material extent, for there are still a good many weak bull accounts to be closed out.

United Railways preferred is selling at 79 1/2. Transit is quiet at about 27 1/2. The 4 per cent bonds are somewhat weak and selling, in small lots, at 83 1/2. East St. Louis & Sub. stock is quoted at 58 1/2 bld., 59 1/2 asked; the 5 per cent bonds are dull; the last quotation is 97 bid. For Laclede 5s 106 1/2 is asked. Sales were made at 106 1/2.

Missouri-Edison common experienced a little boom. It rose to 23, and then receded again to 22 1/2. The 5 per cent bonds are selling at 94 1/4.

The increase in deposits of the Missouri Trust Co. caused a better inquiry for the shares, and a consequent rise in the price to 128. St. Louis-Union Trust is selling at 353; Lincoln is lower and selling at 250 1/2; Mercantile is also lower; the last sale being made at 398. A small lot of American Exchange stock sold at 335. Mississippi Valley is firm and going at 443 and Bank of Commerce at 365. State National is well held at about 195. Sales were made at 194 1/2.

Drafts on New York are at a good premium. Local banks report a fair demand for loans. Interest rates are firm at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is quoted at 4.87 1/2.

The new president of the St. Louis Stock Exchange, Mr. H. B. Collins, is a progressive, wide-awake and influential member of the local brokerage fraternity, and the junior partner of the well-known firm of Whitaker & Company.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Investor, Lamar, Mo.—The county bonds are gilt-edged. Eminent legal counsel affirmed the validity of the issue. Do not believe you paid too much for them.

E. E. W.—Would hold State National. Cannot give you any reliable information regarding the actual standing of concern mentioned. Its securities are considered of dubious value.

F. D., Alliance, O.—Would hold B. & O. for the present. Stock has had a good decline. Keep out of Big Four. The earnings of the New York Central do not warrant an increase in dividend, recent additions to capital absorbing gains in net results.

L. H. C.—United preferred is entitled to a rally. Do not believe, however, that, if the rally does come, it will be of sufficient extent to permit of your selling without loss. At any rate, you will have to wait several months at least.

W. C., Frankfort, Ky.—Would sell Atchison common at point mentioned. Not likely to go much higher. Your other question has been answered elsewhere.

T. R.—The last dividend on Southern Commercial and Savings, of this city, was semi-annual, and at the rate of 3 per cent. It was paid in January last. The stock is closely held and quite well thought of.



DEMAND FOR LABOR IN THE WEST.

April 5th to October 1st, harvesting fruit and grain crops in California and the Northwest; low rates February 15th to June 15th. J. H. Lothrop, G. A., U. P. R. R., 908 Olive street, St. Louis.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

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A Toast To The Fair



Here's to fair women God bless them,
The joy of our life and the light.

Here's to fair play and no favors
May the best man win out in the fight



Here's to fair weather forever!
With sunshine above and about..

And here's to the Fair of all others.
The greatest without any doubt.
The Wondrous World's Fair at St. Louis.
Best reached by the Big Four Route.



ILLINOIS CENTRAL

EXCURSION RATES New Orleans and Return.

April 15-17, 1903,

National Association of
Manufacturers.

May 5-8, 1903,

American Medical Association.

May 19-22, 1903,

Annual Reunion United Confederate Veterans.

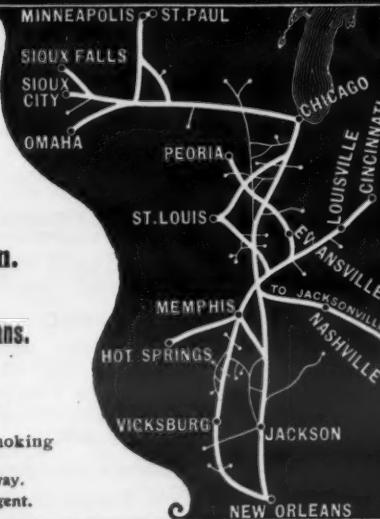
ST. LOUIS NEW ORLEANS

Leave 7.20 a.m. Arrive 7.25 a.m.
" 2.44 p.m. " 11.25 a.m.
" 10.30 p.m. " 7.55 p.m.

Through Sleeping Cars, Buffet-Library-Smoking Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars. Dining Cars.

Full particulars City Ticket Office, 308 N. Broadway.

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THAT'S ALL.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
MEETING,

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

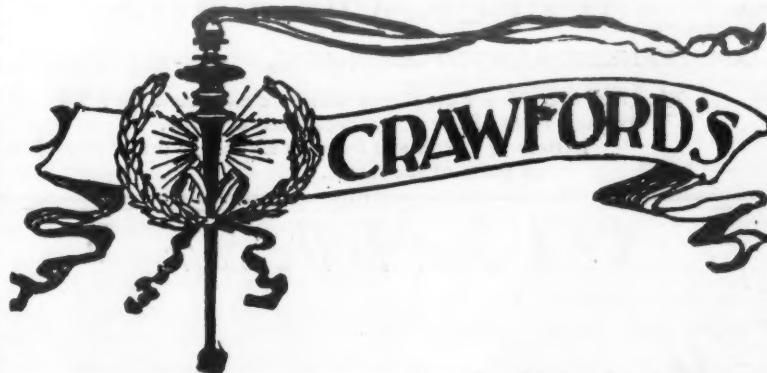
Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

Draughon's College,

TENTH AND OLIVE STREET.

Thirty-six (36) bank cashiers Indorse Draughon's PRACTICAL BUS. COLLEGE, n. w. cor. Tenth and Olive (new building), as a school that is reliable, that gives superior instruction, that has special facilities for securing positions; 160-page illustrated catalogue, containing above-mentioned testimonials and other advice as to why it wil pay you to attend Draughon's College in preference to any other, is free. Call, write or phone (Main 103 M). Open day and night. If wish position, may pay tuition after course is completed and position secured.

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at About One-Third Value.

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Janice Meredith, Eternal City, Granstark, Sweetheart Manette, Captain Ravenshaw, In the Palace of the King, The King of Honey Island, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, Col. Carter of Cartersville, The Castle Inn, In the Fog, A Lady of Quality, The Methods of Lady Walderhurst, Tommy and Grizel, Via Crucis, Wolfville, Blennerhassett, Quincy Adams Sawyer, etc., etc.; publishers' price of original editions, \$1.50; Our Cut Price

47c

NEW COPYRIGHTS.

On Satan's Mount (Tilton), Lady Rose's Daughter (Mrs. Humphrey Ward), The Master of Warlocks (Eggleston), The Needle's Eye (Kingsley), Under the Rose (Isham), In King's Byways (Weyman), In the Days of St. Clair (Naylor), The Town of Wyre (Babcock), Dep-Sea Plunderings (Bullen), The Girl at the Half-Way House (Hough), A Damsel or Two (Moore), The Woman That's Good (Vynne); Publishers' price \$1.50 Our Cut Price.....\$1.08

EPISCOPAL AND CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

Catholic—Key of Heaven, padded leather and Morocco bindings, 25c, 39c, 49c, 68c, 85c, 98c, \$1.18, \$1.25, \$1.38 to ...\$3.50
White First Communion Prayer Books, 75c, 98c, \$1.18, \$1.25 to \$1.48
German Catholic Prayer Books, Morocco binding, from.... 50c up
Pearl Rosaries, from 25c to\$3.00

EPISCOPAL PRAYER BOOKS AND HYMNALS.

Combination Sets, Prayer Book and Hymnal, cloth binding, 68c, 85c to98c
Morocco bindings, from 75c to\$4.50
Teachers' Bibles, with all the helps, Morocco bindings; Special 79c
Catholic Bibles, cloth and Morocco.....\$1.25 up

POPULAR PAPER NOVELS.

Chas. Garvice's Works—Lauren Edition; 15c each; 2 for 25c
Dora Delmar's Works—Laurel Edition; 15c each; 2 for 25c
Dillingham's Madison Square Series; each15c

Suits, Jackets, Skirts and Waists.

NEW STYLES ARRIVING DAILY.

Cheviot, Serge and Venetian Suits, Collarless blouse style, in all sizes—Opening Season's Price	\$12.48
Monte Carlo Peau de Soie and Taffeta Jackets, collarless cape and stole front; the new sleeve and drop ornaments—Opening Season's Price	\$6.75
Walking Skirts, in all materials; the very newest tailor-made styles—Opening's Season's Price	\$4.98
White, blue and pink China Silk Waists, trimmed with tucks and Cluny lace, yoke, front and back—a beautiful waist for.... \$3.50	
A nobby little Monte Carlo Taffeta Jacket, trimmed with white lace and stitching, new sleeve and cuffs—Opening's Season's Price	\$3.50

Wash Goods.

Striped and Figured Dimities, in all colors, this season's designs—Opening Season's Special Price (yard).....	12½c
One lot of Printed Madras, white grounds, in stripes and figures Opening Season's Special Price (yard)	12½c
50 pieces Imported Madras, in white and colored grounds, in a variety of patterns, for shirts and shirt waists—Opening Season's Special Price (yard)	19c
A new and complete line 32-inch wide Zephyr Ginghams, in all the leading styles and desirable colorings—Opening Season's Special Price (yard)	25c
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WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

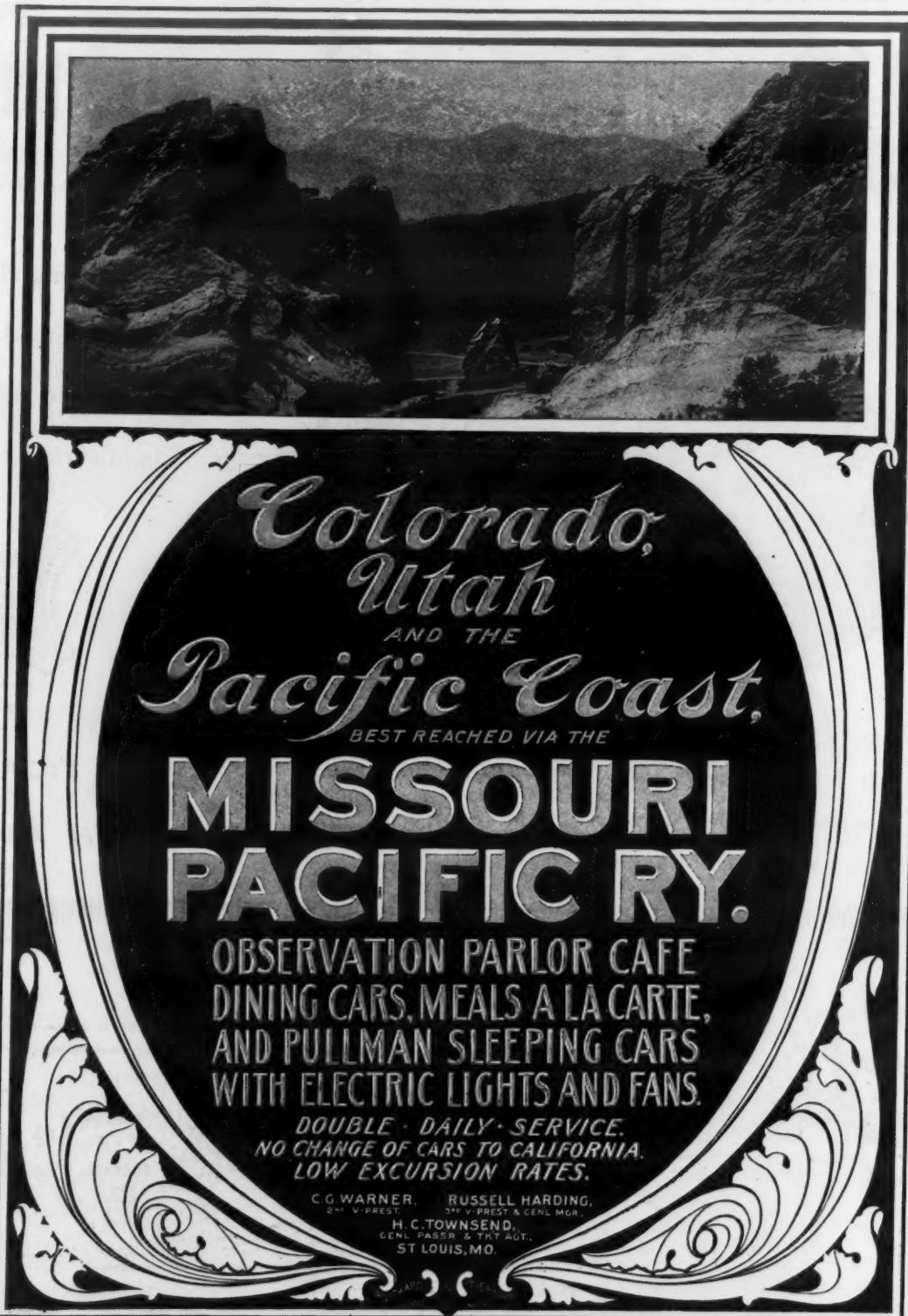
MORGAN AND PERKINS

I have heard at least a dozen different stories concerning the way in which George W. Perkins came by his partnership in the house of Morgan. All are entertaining; most are pure fiction. The latest and best is told by "Insider," in the *Industrial Record and Oil Review*, a new publication devoted to its title. The wide public interest in Morgan *et al.* renders the tale worthy of reproduction in abbreviated form. In the Millionaires' Club (Metropolitan), Morgan said over the corned beef and cabbage to Jim Stillman, president of the City National Bank: "I need a young man in my office. I am growing old; my partners are growing old; we need a young fellow with energy, capacity and brains. Do you happen to know one?" "There's a young man named Perkins; I don't know if he might not do," said Stillman. "Who is Perkins?" asked Morgan. "He's up there with McCall; George W. Perkins. He comes down to our bank meetings. McCall seems to think a great deal of him."

Several days later Morgan was talking with Robert Bacon, the partner, who recently left the firm under mysterious circumstances. "Do you know a young man named Perkins?" he asked. Bacon said he did. "Well," said the great promoter, "I want to see him, and I don't want him to know that I want to see him. Get him in here so I can look him over." The next time Bacon saw Perkins, the latter was full of the protection of the Palisades. "Talk with the old man about putting up some money?" said Bacon. "Who, Mr. Morgan?" "Yes; he might help you." "Oh, I guess he wouldn't be interested." "It won't do any harm to try him. Have you ever met him?" "Never." "Come along over and I'll introduce you." Perkins went over and talked Palisades for half an hour.

Morgan stared vacantly over a big black cigar and did not seem to be much interested in Perkins and his Palisades Protective Union. When Perkins stopped for breath, Morgan still puffed away and stared vacantly. Perkins talked more Palisades. Morgan stared vacantly. Perkins began to feel hot and nervous. He told the entire history of the Palisades movement. Morgan continued to stare vacantly. Perkins felt sore and stopped talking. Morgan swung around in his chair, fingered his cigar, stared vacantly some more and said: "Well, I don't know much about the Palisades, but how would you like to become a partner in my firm?" Perkins has never forgotten the sensations of that moment. He managed to say finally that he did not know how he should like it. "I'll guarantee you—how much does McCall give you?" "Twenty-five thousand a year." "I'll guarantee you one-quarter million dollars a year, and whatever more is coming as your share of the firm's profits you shall get. I want an answer at once."

Perkins sat quiet for a few moments, then said that he could not give an answer at once. It was Morgan's turn to be astonished. He agreed, however, that Perkins should return an answer as soon as he could find his mind. Less than a week later the young man wrote a polite note to Morgan saying he guessed he



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would remain where he was—with John A. McCall. This resistance, of course, was fatal. It made Morgan think he was obliged to have Perkins. He said as much to Mr. McCall and Perkins came.—*Victor Smith in New York Press.*

EDIBLE TO HIM

"You say," retorted the fiancee of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat me. Now, isn't that contrary to the tenets of your belief?"

"Not at all," asserted the vegetarian.
"But if you ate me—"

"I should simply be eating a peach."

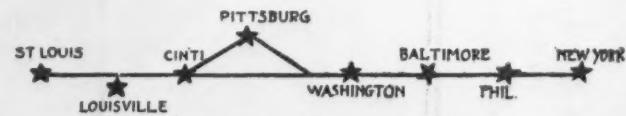
No use talking, the meat diet isn't the only one that makes the mind active.—Judge.

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